THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

WE are within a few hours of the production of the Home Rule Bill by Mr. Gladstone, and speculation as to its contents is therefore singularly unprofitable. The secret of the Bill has been kept with wonderful success, especially in view of the fact that twice at least a copy of it has temporarily gone astray. The full truth will be made known to the world on Monday evening. Whilst professing to no greater knowledge of the details of the measure than the rest of the world, we may sum up here the points we have brought forward during the last six weeks as those which it seemed desirable to include in the Bill. 1. The land question to be dealt with in the first instance by the Imperial Parliament, and not to be relegated to the Irish Legislature until a certain term of years has expired. 2. The Irish Members to remain in their full strength in the House until this term has expired or the land question has been finally dealt with. 3. The judiciary and police to be retained for a short term of years in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant as representing the Imperial Parliament. 4. The veto to be exercised by the Lord-Lieutenant as the representative of the Imperial authority, steps being taken to make it clear that the supremacy of Parliament is absolutely maintained.

IN addition to these points, which were duly set forth in THE SPEAKER on January 7th, in an article which has attracted an unusual amount of attention not only in the United Kingdom but abroad, we have since mentioned two other matters: first, a proposal which it is said will be found in the Bill whereby Irish members will be prevented from voting on Scotch and English local legislation, and secondly, the financial proposals, which we understand are both more liberal towards Ireland and less cumbrous than those in the measure of 1886. The Receiver-General, to whom the Irish Members objected so strongly, but whose financial value Mr. Gladstone rated so highly, has disappeared, and the whole of the financial provisions, which have undergone frequent revision at the hands of the Cabinet, will practically embody the idea that England is a rich and Ireland a poor country, and that where a doubt exists as to the proportion in which expenses or revenue ought to be divided between the two, the poor country rather than the rich ought to get the benefit.

WE have said that we make no profession of any knowledge as to what is actually in the Home Rule Bill; but the article in which some six weeks ago we discussed the difficult points of the measure has borne good fruit in one respect. What is called "THE SPEAKER Bill" has been formally approved of by both sections of the Irish people. If the general lines which we laid down are followed, then Mr. Gladstone may reckon upon the undivided support of Nationalists and Parnellites. It may be that he has found himself able to go still further towards making the Home Rule Bill strong and complete; and, if so, it will be so much the better. What we earnestly hope is that the Bill will at least not fall short of THE SPEAKER'S suggestions, and that every Irish Home Rule Member will be able to vote for it. It is significant that whilst the Irish representatives heartily accepted "THE SPEAKER Bill," the opponents of Home Rule in this country, though they professed to ridicule it as a mere evasion of the difficulties of the question, acknowledged it to be, in the words of the *Times*, "the only attempt hitherto made by the Gladstonians to devise a plan that would not be open to a destructive Unionist attack." The principle of that plan was the evolution of Home Rule upon certain lines; and we confess we do not see how any scheme of Home Rule which fails to embody the principle of evolution can survive the initial difficulties in the way of the establishment of local self-government in a country situated as Ireland is. Most emphatically, to go gently is to go safely in this case.

BUT after all there is a personal element in connection with the great event of next Monday which almost overpowers the interest of the merely political element. It was on the 8th of April, 1886, that Mr. Gladstone brought in the first Home Rule Bill in the presence of the largest and in many respects the most brilliant assembly ever gathered in the House of Commons. There were many there who recalled his speeches on the Irish Church Bill of 1869 and the Irish Land Bill of 1870, and who wondered at the vitality which enabled him at so advanced an age to take the leading part in the national affairs. There were few signs of age or failing powers in the great speech in which he explained his Irish Government scheme to the House and the country, and for the moment persuaded even his enemies to accept his proposals. When he sat down a mighty cheer rang through the House, and foes as well as friends joined in it. Even from the front of the gallery there came a burst of applause, and those who looked saw that the young

Duke of Clarence, seated beside his father, had been so far carried away by the old statesman's eloquence as to forget the rules of the House and to join in the applause.

SEVEN years have passed since then. The young heir to the English throne has passed away; and besides the prince many another man who took part in that historic scene has vanished for ever from the earth. But the chief figure still remains upon the stage, and on Monday he will once more essay the great task which he tried so bravely to perform in 1886. Will Mr. Gladstone be equal to the tremendous strain which such an occasion must impose upon him? The bitterest of his enemies, we can well believe, must hope so; whilst we are glad to know that his nearest friends have no forebodings on this point. The physical vigour and nervous energy which have borne him in triumph through so many trying scenes have not yet deserted him; and great as must be the stress and strain of his speech on Monday, his resources it is expected will prove equal to the occasion. Perhaps the saddest feature of next Monday's scene will be the fact that so many of the old friends who listened to him in 1886 with a neutral curiosity are now bitterly and almost venomously hostile to his policy. The gospel of reconciliation between England and Ireland has been as a sword cutting men asunder so far as English political parties are concerned.

THE Liberal victories at Halifax and Walsall compensate fully for the defeat sustained at Huddersfield, and restore the normal majority of the Government in the House of Commons. The great victory at Halifax is of special importance because it meant the defeat of a deliberate attempt to break up the Liberal party by means of the introduction of an "independent labour candidate." This gentleman it is true did not persevere in his performance of the *rôle* of independent candidate. He boldly bid against Mr. Rawson Shaw, the accepted Liberal candidate, as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, and sought to obtain a breeze from every quarter. Still, his one real ground for standing was that he represented the socialism of the Fabian Society, and that he was recommended to the electors by that body, which issued a manifesto in his favour, not dated, as it should have been, from Tooley Street. In the end he polled only 3,028 votes out of a total poll of 11,894, and the Liberal candidate, Mr. Shaw, was returned at the head of the poll with a majority of 368 over the Conservative, Mr. Arnold. It is admitted by Mr. Lister's supporters that a considerable number of Conservatives voted for him, and we may assume that his total Liberal vote was 2,500, or little more than half the vote given to Mr. Shaw. This fact alone shows the wisdom of the Liberal Association at Halifax in refusing to allow itself to be coerced into the acceptance of a candidate who clearly did not possess the confidence of the Liberal electors.

WE are told, however, that there is much searching of heart at the "Liberal head-quarters" in Parliament Street, and that there is "already a rumour of Whips and Cabinet Ministers voyaging to Yorkshire to bring the local manufacturers to reason," apparently by compelling them to accept the dictation of the "independent labour party" as to the choice of candidates. We need hardly say that there is absolutely no foundation for this rumour. The "Whips and Cabinet Ministers," indeed, who were foolish enough to voyage to Yorkshire on such an errand, would very quickly be sent about their business by men who know the condition of the constituencies better than anybody in London does. Nothing could be more disastrous than any appearance of sympathy between the officials in Parliament Street and the small but noisy group of advertising politicians who are trying to break up the organisation of the Liberal Party in the constituencies. There is only one way in which those gentlemen can hope to achieve success, and that is by winning the electors to their own side. When they have done this they will be masters of the situation. Until then they must be content to be rated at their true value.

MR. ASQUITH'S brilliant speech on Thursday was a great Parliamentary success. So far as the matter of it was concerned it was simply a repetition of the statement, made months ago in these pages, that the Liberal Ministry will not, for any political purpose whatever, palter with a crime so heinous as that of the dynamiter.

MR. GLADSTONE threw out the first hint of the closure this week. The expedient he adopted for a beginning, the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule, was rather mild. Indeed, it is even something of a grievance to the well-behaved members, for it means keeping them in the House after hours because the ill-disposed choose to obstruct. But this is only for a beginning; it is the sods which the old gardener in the fable threw at the boy in the apple-tree before he resorted to stones. The obstruction which the Government will have to face presently, if we are to judge by the spirit shown by the Opposition since the House met, will call for much sterner methods of dealing with it than suspensions of the twelve o'clock rule or even Saturday sittings. We think we can assure intending obstructionists that Her Majesty's Government are fully prepared and will be quite equal to the occasion when they are put to it.

THE House, we are inclined to think, will have to get used to the idea of the closure, not merely as an occasional expedient, but as a regular institution this session. It will be found that there is no other businesslike way of doing the work; and that, on the contrary, this way, if properly followed, will enable the Government to get through even a larger programme than they have ventured to contemplate. A time limit must be fixed for everything. The date on which each discussion will be closed must be duly announced beforehand; and on that date to the minute the closure must descend unflinchingly like the knife of a guillotine, no matter who has spoken or who has not. There will be some outcry at first, no doubt; but when this rule has been sternly applied three or four times, the House will adjust itself to it with marvellous adaptability. When Mr. Labouchere wants to make an excursion into Uganda or Egypt on the Estimates he will use his wiles of the smoking-room to induce other intending partakers in the debate to allow him an hour or half an hour of their common allotted time for the purpose. If he cannot arrange this, even he too, with his little speech, must walk the road to dusty death. The Government must simply be inexorable as fate in this matter; then all will go smoothly.

ALREADY, indeed, the vigour of the Government is affecting the *morale* of its foes. "What has come over the Unionist party? Where are its courage, its discipline, and its energy?" exclaims one of the evening organs of the Opposition under the influence of the splendid divisions of the week. "Again we ask," it goes on, "is this to be a 'fighting session' or not?" These frantic cries so early in the battle are a sad symptom. The Stalwarts are beginning even sooner than we anticipated to realise that the closure is capable of making short work of their "fighting session."

MR. JESSE COLLINGS deserves a vote of thanks for having been the cause of the superb exhibition of intellectual power and nimble spirits which he provoked from the Old Man on Wednesday. Mr. Fowler had admirably answered Mr. Collings's little attack.

But there was something about the author of Three-Acres-and-a-Cow, as he rippled out his jibes at the "ridiculous mouse" of the Government, which tickled the fancy of his old chief. After a drive in the Park to consider the matter, Mr. Gladstone returned to the House, and, bubbling over with humour, irony, sarcasm, and all sorts of energetic feeling, he administered to Mr. Chamberlain's hapless henchman such a dressing as the House has not often the good fortune to witness. The most important thing about it, however, was the opportunity it gave for an effective advertisement of the Government's programme of agricultural reform.

A similar service was performed for the labour programme of the Government by Mr. Keir-Hardie. That gentleman's excursion under the patronage of Colonel Howard Vincent simply enabled Mr. Mundella to spread before the country in a brilliant speech the tale of substantial labour reforms, which the most democratic Government of the century not only means to carry out by legislation, but has already carried out by administration.

The attempt to "boycott" the Lord Lieutenant's first levée on Tuesday proved a ridiculous *fiasco*. The landlord peers stayed away as a matter of course. They have shown their high sense of loyalty by always staying away of late years when a Liberal held the office of Viceroy. It is their pleasant and harmless way of protesting against the reduction of their rents. But the boycott which was planned in the house of a certain judicial personage in Dublin aimed at keeping Dublin "society" out of the Castle. It failed completely. The society of the capital was never more largely or more worthily represented at a levée than last Tuesday, and the author of the notable project must have felt himself severely snubbed. Lord Houghton is to be warmly congratulated upon the collapse of a plot simply intended to give him personal annoyance.

The so-called "revolt" of the Welsh Members is not a matter to be taken seriously. No doubt these gentlemen are ardent and excitable, and at times speak with a warmth of which the phlegmatic Saxon is hardly capable. But they are sensible people, and know that they are not likely to help the cause of Disestablishment by putting Mr. Gladstone in a minority. What they hardly realise is the extreme difficulty, owing to the forms of procedure in Parliament, of pushing forward any measures as quickly as Ministers would like. They have, however, received the amplest assurance that the Ministry is in earnest in its determination to deal with the Welsh Church question, and they would fail signally in loyalty to the very cause they have at heart if they were to attack Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues because of delays for which they are in no way responsible.

The reception at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday evening would have been perfectly satisfactory but for one bitter disappointment—Mr. Gladstone's pulverisation of the Radical Unionists had made it inadvisable that he should speak again that day. The crowd of Liberals of both sexes who filled every foot of space in the smoking-room, even behind the circular seats, which effectually barred them from seeing or hearing the speakers, took the disappointment with hardly a murmur and cordially welcomed the effective speeches of other members of the Cabinet. Sir William Harcourt did his best to compensate, as far as he could, for Mr. Gladstone's absence, and his colleagues were not behind him in spirit or stimulus. Listeners felt, as they were intended to feel, that their party means to fight hard and to win. Such minor matters as the floral decorations, the music, and the supper had been efficiently provided for, and the authorities of the club will do well to undertake, at due intervals, a repetition of the festival.

We believe that by the end of this month Her Majesty's ship *Howe* will once more be afloat and on her way to England. But surely the story of her loss will not be allowed to pass into oblivion when she is again afloat. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the state in which the two court-martials have left the responsibility for the grave blunder which resulted in the stranding of the vessel. If the Admiralty are content to leave matters where they now are, a heavy blow will be struck at the discipline of the navy, and the sense of responsibility which every officer in high command ought to feel. We trust that Lord Spencer and his colleagues will be bold enough to take some step which will at least dispel the notion that great ships of war may be jeopardised or even lost without any kind of reproach falling upon those who are specially responsible for their safety.

Abroad.

What will strike most observers from outside, and, we fancy, what will make the sharpest and promptest impression on French public opinion, is the remarkable contrast between the quality of justice dealt out to the Panama directors by the High Court and that extended to the Panama politicians by the Ministry. The whole matter will really come to that consideration so far as its effective influence upon public affairs is concerned. The Roman sternness of the High Court in condemning the aged M. de Lesseps to five years' imprisonment may be as just and admirable as it is fierce; but what, so to speak, rushes upon the mind under its light is the acquittal two days before of Rouvier and Albert Grévy, confessed "fingerers" of Panama money, and the endeavour to hush up the charges against the other soiled politicians who stand behind them. If the sentences on M. de Lesseps and the non-political "Panamists" be approved by French sentiment, then woe to the Government which attempts to shelter its shady political friends from a punishment as relentless and terrible. This seems to us without any question to be the temper of France just now. The reception of M. Cavaignac's speech by the Chamber might have been taken by M. Ribot as a warning, sufficiently unmistakable, that the moment for equivocalities between Opportunist Republicanism and its rear-guard of Baron Reinach's "personal friends" has gone by.

M. Cavaignac's speech was delivered the day before the sentences on the Directors were passed; yet its vehement indignation at the letting-off of Rouvier so strikingly interpreted the general feeling, that the Chamber, in spite of the Government, voted that it should be printed and distributed broadcast through France. What will the general indignation be now with such a contrast to work upon as the High Court has furnished it with? The French are a sentimental and a proud people, and their sentiment and pride will count largely in this matter. They see "le grand Français" who did bring them real glory by his illustrious achievements, and whom they have been willing to regard as himself as much the victim of his enthusiastic optimism and credulity as any of the Panama shareholders, consigned at the end of his career to the vilest humiliation and the most terrific suffering. They see Rouvier, who, with a brazen effrontery that disgusted his hearers, confessed in the tribune of the Chamber to having used the money of Baron Reinach, acquitted "without a stain on his character." France will feel humiliated in the double sight, and unless M. Ribot's Government shows itself both willing and able to remove the sense of in-

equality, the last state of this loathsome Panama business will be worse than the first, and the Republic may look out for stormy days.

THE world has been semi-officially assured this week that an excellent understanding has been arrived at between the three Emperors, and that the prospect of peace in Europe is more secure than it has been for many months past. Moreover, it is again authoritatively announced, this time through the Italian Foreign Minister, that the German Chancellor's speech on the Military Bill was not intended to refer to any immediate danger of war.

OF course, all this merely means the maintenance of the *status quo*—which in Europe at present is what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls a "moving equilibrium" involving a steady growth of national armaments and a steady drain on national wealth and strength. Enormously increased demands are to be made next year by the Austrian Government on the Delegations, and Count Caprivi shows no sign of withdrawing his Army Bill, which has now to undergo the ordeal of detailed discussion before the Special Committee. Only one bit of news affecting its prospects has been announced this week. The Bavarian members of the Catholic Centre party are reported to have resolved that they would withdraw from that party if any considerable section of it supported the scheme. And if they do not—to judge from recent indications—their constituents will call them to account.

BUT the alarmists in Italy have been insisting on one disturbing fact. The French fortifications at Bizerta in Tunis threaten Sicily, and even Radical and pacific Italian Deputies are found to demand that they shall be balanced by defensive works at Trapani, and, indeed, all round Etna, and by the opening up of strategic routes throughout the interior of Sicily. This will be a very good thing for that backward island. But it will form a serious hindrance to that reduction of Italian military expenditure which we are promised as a result of the diminution of the danger which threatens one front of the Triple Alliance. But Italy has more immediate dangers impending just now than even the drain imposed by her "megalomania."

ALL the week the Italian banking scandals have increased and multiplied. Even more startling revelations are promised when Signor Tanlongo, the manager of the defunct Banca Romana, is put on his trial. A Deputy, Signor di Zerbi, is to be prosecuted for receiving a bribe of 400,000 francs from this bank. He was once poor, and is now reputed rich, without ostensible cause for the change. Baron Lazzaroni, a well-known member of Roman society, has been arrested, and it is alleged that several ex-Prime Ministers are compromised as having borrowed money from the bank for political purposes. Signor Crispi has formally denied this as regards himself. Signor Depretis, who is among those specified, is beyond the possibility of disclaimer. The Marquis di Rudini has asked for a Parliamentary Committee to clear his reputation, and the Chamber seems disposed to give it to him. The Senate, too, seems inclined to take the matter into its own hands by a sufficiently ingenious method. Signor Tanlongo was one of the Senators recently nominated by the Government. His election now awaits confirmation. The Senate, it is said, will confirm it in order to conduct his trial itself, since a Senator must be tried by his peers. The most remarkable of the many sensational rumours afloat is that which connects with the scandal the recent railway mystery near Palermo. Signor Notabartolo, a leading citizen of that city, and a man of the highest personal character, recently resigned the chairmanship of the Banca di Sicilia, and refused a decoration offered him by the Government. Last week he was found murdered in a railway carriage. He was a hard man, it is said, especially towards the bank's debtors, but in the present state of excitement it is not surprising that his death should be freely ascribed to his possession, it is alleged, of evidence damaging to the bank and the Government. As the result of all the scandal, the Ministry totters in spite of its huge majority, and gold is at a premium and rising.

So after all Count Taaffe's scheme for forming a permanent Ministerial policy is destined to failure. The Polish party, his most faithful followers, have accepted his programme with reserve, after a debate lasting five hours; the German Liberals, the largest part of the proposed coalition, also accepted it rather ambiguously and with more reserve, but resolved that coalition was impossible with parties differing widely from their own views; but the German Catholics, the followers of Count Hohenwart, "see no reason to change their attitude towards the Government," and object specifically to certain features in the programme, particularly the treatment of the question of religious instruction in elementary schools. Something will be done to satisfy the Clericals—which offends the German Left; but not enough to appease Count Hohenwart's followers. The Austrian Empire is far too heterogeneous for the kind of centralised Parliamentary Government it is supposed to enjoy, and the fresh combinations formed by Count Taaffe are essentially of unstable equilibrium.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt" is going into a second edition. The value of this work has grown upon historical students since it was published. It has been found that it throws a new and interesting light upon several historical points which have hitherto been involved in confusion or obscurity. At first it was the personal romance, of which that amazing informer Turner, with his double—nay, triple—life, was the centre, which attracted readers. But some of Turner's revelations regarding facts—for example, what he tells about the secret of the mutiny at the Nore which paralysed the fleet and left England for weeks at the mercy of a French invasion—are really a more important matter. It is safe to say that no more valuable work of original research relating to the time of Pitt has been published for many years than this of Mr. Fitzpatrick's.

LAST week we had to welcome the *Westminster Gazette*, to-day it is the turn of the *Westminster Budget*, which, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Morley, has taken at a single bound a front place in illustrated weekly journalism. To all the good qualities which were possessed in old days by the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Westminster Budget* adds certain special excellencies of its own.

MR. AINGER has been lecturing at the Royal Institution on Tennyson, and has told once more the story of the inception of "Maud." The full story appeared first in the "Life of Lord Houghton," and in re-telling it Mr. Ainger has made a slight slip. It was not Richard Trench, but Richard Milnes, who importuned the young poet for a contribution to the Marquis of Northampton's "Keepsake;" and the immediate result of his importunity was to draw from Tennyson the vigorous letter in which he declared that "to write for persons with prefixes to their names was as unprofitable as to milk he-goats."

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Our dramatic critic deals fully on another page with the production of *Becket* on Monday evening at the Lyceum. Here we need only note that both from the literary and dramatic point of view the play is an unqualified success—the greatest that has been scored even at the Lyceum for many a long day. We shall be greatly surprised if its run does not last up to the close of the season.

The flutter in the Secondary Teachers' dove-cot caused by the prospect of the Registration Bill had a practical outcome last week at University College. Who could gainsay the word of a headmaster—and a trained one, too? The address of the Hon. E. Lyttelton was both interesting and disappointing. He made short work of the antagonists of training for teachers, but it was in defining the scope of the necessary training that he was—if the oxymoron may be pardoned—a successful failure. In the laudable endeavour to probe the matter to its depths and find an ultimate aim for the teacher, the lecturer went a trifle wide of the mark and came face to face with the broadest issues of ethics. It is true at the headmasters' conference there was a decided tendency to undervalue the theoretical side of training; but the champion of theory on that occasion came near giving his Gower Street audience an overdose of the philosophy of the subject. It is pretty well understood that a teacher has his peculiar philosophy, science, and art: it was hoped that the question would be faced how, without forcing on England the stereotyped German system, we might bring our universities and public schools into harmony with the present demands of educationists.

Everyone will be glad to hear that the English arrangements to observe the coming eclipse of the sun are turning out excellently well—two expeditions, as we formerly hoped would be the case, being sent out from England, one to Africa and the other to Brazil. This favourable issue has been brought about by a joint committee of the Royal Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Solar Physics Committee, with Dr. A. A. Common as secretary, the first-named Society providing the necessary funds. The African party, which will take up its position at Fundium, a station on the Salum river, lying about sixty miles from Bathurst, consists of Prof. Thorpe, assisted by Mr. Gray, who intends to obtain the photographic measures of the visual intensity of the Corona; Mr. Fowler, who will use a six-inch integrating spectroscope for the Corona spectrum, and Sergeant Kearney, who will be equipped with two instruments for photographing the Corona itself. Messrs. Taylor and Shackleton compose the Brazilian party, and Para Cura has been selected as their destination, this station being distant from Ceara some forty miles to the west. These observers will also obtain photographs both of the Corona and of its spectrum, the former taking the Abney and Dallmeyer coronographs and the latter a three-inch two-prism integrating spectroscope for the purpose. Owing to the chance of much local assistance, more instruments are being taken out than observers to use them.

Obituary.

Lord Brabourne had once been a Liberal member of Parliament, and in that capacity had held two Under-Secretaryships. That elevation to the peerage which is the reward of minor stars in the political firmament, coincided in his case, unfortunately for himself, with a complete change in political allegiance. He systematically denounced his former party and its leader; joined the Carlton Club, yet showed his dislike to the newer Toryism by supporting the Liberty and Property Defence League. Outside of politics he was vice-chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, and a writer of fairy tales of some merit. Lord Northbourne had been a Conservative M.P., and was a Unionist, but had had an interval of Liberalism, during which he was raised to the peerage by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. L. J. Jennings was Conservative member for Stockport, and a literary man of some distinction and taste. As a New York journalist, he had had a hand in exposing the "Tweed ring." Mr. John G. MacCarthy was the Nationalist M.P. for Mid Tipperary. Sir Thomas Baker was a dashing soldier and excellent military administrator who had seen much service in many little wars, and in the Indian Mutiny and Crimea. Mr. G. H. Whipple was superintendent of Kew Observatory, and also a very high authority on wind force, terrestrial magnetism, and other subjects in physics. Mr. J. E. H. Gordon had achieved considerable distinction as an electrical engineer.

FOES WITHIN THE GATES.

The results of the bye-elections of the present week raise some of the very gravest questions connected with the policy and organisation of the Liberal party. They are questions which affect other things besides the Ministerial majority in the House of Commons. They go down to the very roots of Liberalism, and they must be faced and dealt with boldly and thoroughly if disaster is not, at no distant date, to overtake the historic party which has so long upheld Liberal principles. What is the secret of the diminished hold of that party upon the affections of a certain section of the working classes in some of the great constituencies of London and the North? It seems to lie in the fact that a new gospel—a gospel of pure and unadulterated selfishness—is being vigorously preached in those constituencies, and is obtaining a certain amount of popularity among the less wise of the electors. The keynote of this gospel is distrust of political parties, and especially of the Liberal party; and its practical purpose is to weaken the ties of party discipline and party loyalty. It need hardly be said that a man may have excellent reasons for distrusting a party with which he is in general agreement, and that he may find it a positive duty upon some particular occasion to break loose from his allegiance and resort to independent action. If he sees that his party is falling away from its principles, is drifting into some grave political heresy, or is allowing itself to be cajoled or coerced into a policy which is inimical to the general interests of the country, he has every possible right to abandon and, if necessary, to oppose it. But it is not on this ground that the so-called "Labour party" is trying to seduce the working men in many of the constituencies. It is not because the Liberal party has abandoned its principles, nor is it because the present Ministry is not sufficiently democratic in its character, that working-class electors are bidden to treat both party and Ministry as a hostile force. The reason why this doctrine of "independence"—an independence which invariably implies an attitude of friendliness to the acknowledged enemy—is being impressed upon certain classes of the electors, is simply that it will enable them to secure certain objects of their own. It is for this reason that we have spoken of the policy of the self-styled "Labour party" as purely selfish. Its leaders ask the working-class electors to sacrifice everything—the great interests of the country at home and abroad, the good faith of Ministers who have pledged themselves with the full consent of their party to particular measures, and the efficiency of the greatest engine of democratic progress the country has ever possessed—for the sake of pushing forward a measure of their own, in which as yet only a small portion of

the working classes believes, and which is regarded as mischievous and dangerous by the majority of thinking men of all parties.

"Never mind your party. Let it know that you will have your own way whatever happens to it or to the Government, and then you are sure to make it give way to you." This is the doctrine openly taught by the people who are trying to stir up dissensions in the constituencies. They have seen how an attitude of resolute independence on the part of the Irish members has succeeded, and they think that similar success may be attained by the same means for the advocates of a particular policy with regard to labour questions. In order that the working men may gain that success, they invite them to overthrow the machinery by means of which Liberal principles have secured their chief victories in the past, and to cripple, if not to destroy, the Liberal party as it exists to-day—an engine of unequalled power for good in the service of mankind. Now, it may be remarked in the first place that success has by no means hitherto followed the kind of tactics which are prescribed by the "Independents" of the labour party to their friends in the constituencies. The "faddists" who have used these tactics in a small way before cannot point to many triumphs as the result of their system of worrying a party and trying to coerce a friendly Ministry. In one respect, indeed, they have been too often successful. They have brought defeat upon the men with whom they profess to be in general sympathy, and they have thrown back for years the progress of the very causes in which they are most deeply interested. It has taken nineteen years, for example, to bring the licensing question back to the point which it had reached in 1874, when, owing to Liberal defections, the Government of the day was defeated. Even the Irish Question, upon which so much reliance seems to be placed by the advocates of these tactics, is not really a case in point. The Irish are a nation, not a mere political party, and it was not until the English Liberals had overwhelming proof of the fact that the Irish Parliamentary representatives were backed up by the overpowering majority of the constituencies that they became finally convinced that there was no possible settlement of the Irish Question short of Home Rule. As for the "independent labour party" itself, it can hardly pretend to be proud of the results of its campaign so far. It succeeded in returning Tories instead of Liberals for one or two constituencies at the General Election; but it only secured the return of one of its own candidates, and even his success was due to the fact that he was recognised and supported by the Liberal head-quarters. To have helped in winning a seat for Mr. Keir Hardie is hardly a sufficient justification for the existence of the independent labour party, or for the losses which it has entailed upon the Liberal party in other directions.

There is, however, another argument besides the uselessness of the tactics of which we complain that ought to weigh with the men who are now exulting in having reduced the strength of the Liberal party in certain constituencies. That is the fact that we now have in power the most democratic Ministry that ever held office in Great Britain. Wherein has this Ministry failed to show its sympathy with the claims of labour, with the sentiments of the democracy, or the cause of progress? There is no need to sing its praises here. Our readers are agreed that since the present Government came into office a change has come over the spirit of the Administration—a change wholly in the direction of democratic reform. It has already produced a programme the most advanced ever laid before Parliament, and it is now waiting anxiously for the opportunity of carrying that programme into effect. What are we to think of the men who, for the purpose of forcing their own fads into a position of factitious importance, are harrying this Ministry, striving to discredit it, exulting in reducing its strength in the constituencies, and who are doing all this in the name of Liberalism, and under the Liberal colours? Do they really think they will be the happier, and have a better prospect of reaching the goal at which they aim, if they should succeed in turning the present Ministers out, and in installing Lord Salisbury and his phalanx of Tories once more in office? If they do, by all means let them do their best or their worst; but let them act openly and in the light, and not try to inflict a fatal wound upon the Liberal Government in the name of friendship. Above all, they must get rid of the idea that their tactics have the faintest chance of succeeding. It is not by such means as they employ that a great party, proud of the part it has played in the national history, and sincere in its loyalty to the principles which it has inherited and to which it clings, is likely to be driven out of its course, and led to take up new-fangled doctrines and a new and doubtful policy alien to that which it has hitherto professed. It will listen to reason: but it will laugh at threats. Its organisation is so free and so elastic that no section of the party can truly complain of being ignored or excluded from its fair share of influence. All the talk about wire-pulling, the caucus, the undue share of power possessed by local magnates, is sheer rubbish born of the ignorance of men who know absolutely nothing of the conditions of political life in the great provincial constituencies. The door which leads into the innermost recesses of the Liberal organisation is open to everybody; but those who represent the brain and the muscle of the party are not the men to yield to impudent clamour out of doors, nor will they ever permit the minority, whether it consist of merchant princes or apostles of the Fabian Society, to coerce the majority. The first sign of any weakness on the part of a Ministry in dealing with such a minority, the first symptom of yielding to pressure from a small knot of noisy self-seekers, would indeed be fatal to the Government itself. We apprehend no such weakness on the part of our present rulers; but the foolish persons who are apparently calculating upon their ability to coerce the Cabinet, and by threatening to create divisions in constituencies like Huddersfield and Halifax, to drive it into the adoption of a crude and mischievous Socialism, may as well be told that, even if their dream were to be realised, it would merely mean that the Cabinet, ceasing to represent the opinions of the majority of Liberals, would perish inevitably and speedily.

THE TEMPER OF THE OPPOSITION.

IF, as we are assured, the first duty of an Opposition is to oppose, it is impossible to complain of the Tory-Unionist party as being wanting in the fulfilment of their task. Ever since Parliament opened, we have seen on the Opposition benches the display of a temper that we believe is rare even in the height of political conflicts in this country. Mere activity in opposing a policy in which a man does not believe is certainly not to be imputed to anyone as an offence. We do not quarrel with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain because they are evidently determined to resist by every possible means the proposals of the Government. If they can defeat Ministers and set themselves in their places, they have a perfect right to do so. All this falls within the legitimate limits of the game.

But even the game of politics has its unwritten rules and conventions, to which the players on both sides are bound to yield obedience. Our complaint is that one of those conventions is now being violated by the Opposition through their indulgence in an excess of bad temper, which affects not only their manners but even their veracity. It is not "good form" for an English politician to ascribe base motives to his opponent. It is still worse when he brings against him charges which in his calmer moments he must know to be absolutely false. Yet we have seen instances of both these offences on the part of distinguished members of the Opposition since the present Session began.

It is not necessary to waste time by referring to the escapades of such persons as Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Carson, the notorious Castle hack of the Coercion days. Those persons have both been convicted during the debate on the Address of making charges against a fellow-member which were unfounded, and they have illustrated very freely the depth to which it is possible for a furious Orangeman to fall. But in order to prove our contention that the temper of the Opposition is not that which ought to prevail among English gentlemen of any political party, we must fly at higher game than Colonel Saunderson or Mr. Carson. Mr. Chamberlain addressed a great meeting at Walsall last Saturday night, and in his speech we find proof of the fact that the bitterness of defeat has destroyed not only that decent self-restraint which ought to be the first characteristic of a statesman, but even that regard for the truth which distinguishes every man of honour. These are strong words, but in order to justify them we have only to make a few brief extracts from the Walsall speech. And as we believe that this speech itself forms the strongest indictment both of the temper and the manners of the Liberal Unionist leader that could possibly be formulated, we offer no apology to our readers for reproducing some striking passages. It is, perhaps, only an instance of puerile ill temper that Mr. Chamberlain should have declared that "he never saw a man so demoralised, so pulverised, so smashed up and demolished" as Mr. Morley was when the redoubtable Mr. Carson was repeating in the ears of the House of Commons the kind of Old Bailey rhetoric which he was wont to employ so freely in the Coercion Courts. This statement was not only obviously without foundation, but was obviously silly, and we only quote it to show the frame of mind in which the Birmingham politician set about his work last Saturday. Another illustration of that frame of mind was his description of Sir Arthur Hayter as a mere "voting machine prepared to grind out votes with a monotony and regularity worthy of all praise." Personal abuse of this kind has not even the merit of being smart. It is simply vulgar impertinence, and Mr. Chamberlain would have done well to reserve it for his private moments instead of making this exhibition of himself upon a public platform.

But if his temper was bad enough, his disregard of truth was still worse. "Was not it a curious coincidence," he asked, "that they always had bad trade when Mr. Gladstone was in power?" Someone in the audience was rude enough at this moment to call out, "It's a lie!" and though we cannot excuse the use of the word, we are not prepared to contradict the gentleman who was the author of this interruption. Mr. Chamberlain's personal ignorance is, as everybody knows, almost as colossal as his ambition. If he were to be examined with the boys of the fifth form of any school in the United Kingdom he would almost certainly be plucked in any subject whatever; but still he might have remembered the "leaps and bounds" by which the national prosperity advanced under a Liberal administration from 1870 to 1874, and the terrible falling off in trade and commerce which took place between the latter year and 1880. It would, perhaps, have been too much to expect him to remember that during the years when trade was really bad under a Liberal Ministry, it was Mr. Chamberlain himself who was President of the Board of Trade. Again, he thought it right to tell his audience that the measures named in the Queen's Speech "were put there to blind the electors; they were mere bids, and dishonest bids, for votes." Mr. Chamberlain, of course, knows the men who compose the present Ministry; he has served under Mr. Gladstone, and at one time beslavoured that statesman with nauseous flatteries. Nobody knows better than he does that, whether their programme is carried into effect or not, it is at all events one in which Ministers personally believe, one which expresses their own sincere convictions upon the subject with which it deals. To represent it then as being merely a dishonest piece of claptrap is to violate not only the courtesies of public life but the truth itself. Mr. Chamberlain, in short, knew that he was saying that which was false when he uttered these words, and it is altogether lamentable that a man in his position should have been guilty of this grave offence. There were other departures from the truth in his speech that would deserve attention if they were not so utterly foolish that even the dullest Tory of Walsall must have recognised them for what they were. To announce that two-fifths of the people of Ireland are going to resist Home Rule by force of arms is simply to advertise one's own folly, and the only explanation of such action on the part of Mr. Chamberlain is that for the moment his evil temper had completely overpowered his reasoning faculties.

The allusions that have been made to questions of foreign policy by members of the Opposition since the Session began illustrate still more clearly the kind of temper in which these gentlemen are carrying on their public duties. Even after the bitter experience of ten years ago there were doubtless some amongst us who hoped that the men who profess to be emphatically *the* patriotic party in the State would not sink so low as to jeopardise the interests of their country in order to make political capital for themselves. Yet this is what our Conservative and Unionist patriots have freely done during the recent debates. They have themselves been compelled to acknowledge that during the last Parliament the action of the Liberal Opposition was very different. No attempt was made when Lord Salisbury was in office to turn grave and delicate questions of foreign policy to the use of the Opposition. Yet no sooner are the Liberals in power and the Conservatives in opposition than the latter begin once more the evil game of ten years ago, and recklessly endanger the interests of the Empire for the purpose of injuring the men who stand between themselves and the emoluments of office. Fortunately the Liberal Government occupies a better position to-day with regard to foreign affairs than that which it held ten years ago. Its members can, at least, trust implicitly to each other. There are now no traitors within the Cabinet, prepared to sell its secrets for newspaper support or for the gratification of private grudges against their colleagues. In this respect, at all events, the Cabinet of 1893 occupies an enviable position compared with that of some previous Cabinets, and it can consequently afford to face an Opposition of unequalled rancour and lack of scruple with an equanimity which would have been impossible in former days.

MR. MORLEY AND THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.

MR. MORLEY has come into collision with the judiciary in Ireland, who have decided that he has exceeded his authority as a State official by certain directions which he has given to the police under his control as to the mode in which they are to assist the sheriffs in Ireland in the task of executing civil process. The decision of the Queen's Bench Division is under appeal, and we do not, therefore, propose to say much about it. The quarrel, even as it stands, is a pretty one, and cannot fail to interest alike the student of our unwritten Constitution and the observer of strange social conditions. At the first blush our sympathies as Englishmen lead us to take the part of the sovereignty of the law rather than that of the Executive, of whom we are, or were, wont to be jealous. But Ireland, as we have misgoverned it for centuries, upsets everybody's calculations, and raises questions which our English experience seldom avails to settle.

To capture the Irish Constabulary, to gain command of it, to requisition it for their own use, has from first to last been the ambition of those Irishmen who may compendiously, conveniently, and without any innuendo, be called the landlord class. It has always been the policy of Dublin Castle to frustrate this unreasonable ambition, and so long ago as 1824 the then Irish Attorney and Solicitor-General, afterwards respectively Lord Plunket and Chief Baron Joy, advised the Executive that the proper duty of the constables was to aid in the execution of warrants in cases only where a breach of the peace was committed. The temper of this opinion is the temper of all the instructions from that time to the present which have issued from Dublin Castle. Words may have varied, but throughout them all runs this golden thread of discourse: "You are not to aid civil process unless violence and opposition is apprehended."

In 1835, Mr. Thomas Drummond, the author of the famous aphorism "Property has its duties as well as its rights," and a public servant of great courage and enlightenment, arrived in Dublin Castle as Permanent Under-Secretary. The state of the country was deplorable. Blood and money alike had been freely shed. In order to sell a single tithe cow it was necessary to call out both military and the police, and not infrequently to destroy human life. A well-known Nonconformist minister once got into trouble for declaring that Established Churches had destroyed more souls than they had ever saved. Had he confined his observation to the Irish Establishment he would have been well within the mark. At the moment of Drummond's arrival in Ireland there was a lull in the display of Christian long-suffering, but in 1836 hostilities began afresh as the result of the activity of a combination of Orangemen, who formed themselves into an association for the purpose of breeding, fostering, and maintaining Bills in the Exchequer division for the recovery of tithe. In this design the association was aided by a partisan bench, who revived an obsolete writ, bearing the significant title of a writ of rebellion, for the express purpose of helping forward favoured litigants. After judgment had been recovered (to use modern phraseology) in a Bill for the recovery of tithe, this writ was issued and directed to commissioners, who were authorised to execute it as best they could. Some of these commissioners applied to Drummond for police assistance. He refused it. Prodigious was the uproar. Here was a man in charge of an army who would not allow it to be used to collect debts from a Catholic population! Legal proceedings were taken against several officers who, acting under Drummond's orders, had refused aid. The Court of Exchequer, composed of that very Joy who had, in 1824, given the advice before referred to, and two Tory judges of the very worst type, the notorious Baron Smith being one of them, found against the officers, whose case ultimately reached the House of Lords, who summoned the judges to favour them with their opinions. These opinions, which may be read with profit in the fourth volume of Mr. Bingham's "Reports," p. 574 *et seq.*, were to the effect that persons named in a writ of rebellion, and charged with the execution of it, had a right at their discretion to require the assistance of any of the liege subjects of the Crown, including in that category constables. Drummond meanwhile stuck to his guns, and persistently refused aid to these commissioners of rebellion. His conduct, whether legally right or wrong, was in accordance with the traditions of his office.

Turning from Mr. Drummond to Mr. Morley, when the latter gentleman entered upon his present office last year, the code of his predecessor regulating this matter of police assistance to sheriffs provided that protection should be afforded them in the execution of all writs from the superior courts, if in a written requisition to the county inspector, made fourteen days beforehand, they stated they had grounds to apprehend violence or opposition. It was expressly stipulated that the police should not in civil cases leave their quarters to give assistance or protection before sunrise, or be present at the execution of any writ after sunset. But if the sheriff required protection at any other hours during the day or night, it was to be granted. Mr. Morley issued a new order substantially the same as Mr. Balfour's, except that it omits the prohibition as to the police leaving their quarters before daylight, and to that extent favours the sheriffs; and also omits the final words as to the granting of protection during any other hours of the day or night.

The question, therefore, stands thus: Is it within the power of the Executive in Ireland to give general directions to the police under its control as to the assistance they are to render during the night to sheriffs engaged in civil process? There are, of course, many writs which cannot legally be executed at night; but there are certain seizures which, under certain circumstances, may be made by a sheriff at night, and it is to these that Mr. Morley's new regulation has relation. The case in the Lords decides that constables may properly be included amongst the masses of liege subjects who are bound to obey the sheriff's summons to join the *posse comitatus*. But this is no question of a *posse comitatus*, which is a summons to the whole country, not being infants under the age of fifteen or peers of the realm, to rally round the sheriff. In the cases now under consideration the police are not invited as liege subjects, but as constables. The Executive is to be denied discretion in the manners of their employment. In fact, the demand is the old demand put forward in 1824, but then cruelly snubbed; it is a demand which the whole tenor of all the Constabulary codes and the traditions of the office contradict; it is a demand not made in the interests of peace or necessary for the maintenance of the law; and, therefore, it is a demand which Constitutionalists may safely disregard and Radicals reject with scorn. If the law does not allow the Executive this useful discretion, it should be altered, pending the happy day when the police force in Ireland shall become the servant of a law-abiding population, and take its commands not from an officer of the Crown, but from town or county council.

EGYPT AND UGANDA.

THE Egyptian papers issued this week are, it may be hoped, the last word on that subject for some little time—until, let us say, the very early hour when negotiations for neutralisation will be set on foot. The Khedive's little tour amongst his people will do no harm. Things will settle down to their normal level now that there is a garrison of British troops sufficient to overawe an Egyptian population half as big again. It is a favourable moment now to remark that the whole business has been considerably exaggerated. However much disaffection there might have been, there could never have been any danger of a serious revolt amongst the Egyptian population. We have no evidence that the fellaheen troops were disaffected, but, if they were, a pretty reliable guarantee against them are the black battalions. What is forgotten by most people is that the four black battalions would eat up the fellaheen troops with gusto, that they are officered entirely by Englishmen, and that they have no natural sympathy with Egyptians. The Egyptian people themselves are about the most harmless, the most easily cowed, and the least fit for effective revolt of any people in the world. As effective revolt could only be carried on by armed and trained men—certainly not by an Egyptian mob with sticks—it follows that the only possible danger could be with the army. This leads, by a natural course, to a new and strong argument against the constant increasing of that army which it is the ambitious policy of the Anglo-Egyptian military party to promote. What we really ought to do now is to reduce three Egyptian battalions and raise another black battalion. This would save two battalions altogether, and would immensely strengthen the security of the country. Of course, the military party, who pull all the strings at Cairo, would resist this project tooth and nail, and would not be backward in furnishing a few rubbishy invasions to support their arguments. But it is precisely to checkmate such persons, and to enforce the rule of common sense, that a Liberal Government is in office.

It is not possible to say much about Uganda until time and Sir Gerald Portal have brought us further information. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, thinks the thing is perfectly simple; nothing ever puzzled Mr. Chamberlain. He is so habitually indifferent to the feelings, the sentiments, the susceptibilities of others that he would annex Uganda at once without further thought of the consequences. But the House of Commons, as a whole, was evidently impressed by Mr. Gladstone's reply to Mr. Labouchere. The Prime Minister did not, indeed, make everything plain. But at least he made people see that this is no simple question, that international law is involved as well as difficulties arising out of the nature of the region. He convinced the House that the Government had acted wisely in despatching Sir Gerald Portal on his double mission—as an executive officer to prevent any immediate catastrophe, and as a commissioner to procure the information which both the Government and the country require before they can come to any final decision.

One important part of Sir Gerald Portal's duty will be to inquire as to the justice of the claims for compensation which have been transmitted through the French Government by the French missionaries. Uganda is not British territory. The treaty with Germany which made it part of the British sphere of influence only prevented it becoming German territory. It is the territory of King Mwanga. The representatives of the British East Africa Company could therefore only assume authority in virtue of their treaty with Mwanga. There may be doubts as to the limits and the effect of that treaty. There may be doubts as to whether the authority so exercised, even if lawfully exercised as against Mwanga, was not unlawfully exercised as against the French, and whether the wide terms of the Charter had not in effect made the Company the agents of the British Government. It would be unwise or unpatriotic to form a premature judgment on any of these matters. But in no future case, in Africa or elsewhere, should such doubts be allowed to arise. Chartered Companies assuming powers of government may, perhaps, be permitted where only uncivilised natives are concerned, for the natives, even if ill-treated, cannot disturb European peace. But it is quite intolerable that we should become responsible to friendly Powers for the acts of private adventurers done without the knowledge or sanction of the Home Government. Any Charter under which this is possible should be amended or revoked forthwith.

FINANCE.

IN the New Year there are no signs yet of an improvement in trade; on the contrary, the Board of Trade returns for January are very unsatisfactory. They show a very large falling-off in imports generally; and, what is most significant, they show a very considerable falling-off in the raw materials of manufactures. And they show a considerable falling-off, too, in exports. It is often said that the decline is mainly owing to the fall in prices. But that is poor comfort, since it shows how very small is the foreign demand for our goods. And besides, there is some decline in the volume of trade. Wages, moreover, are being lowered all over the country, employment is not very ample, and Labour disputes are serious. Unfortunately, trade is no better upon the Continent; and even in the United States two good harvests in succession have imparted little activity. In spite of all this, prices are very high upon the Stock Exchange, but they are so to a large extent because it is impossible to employ money profitably either in trade or upon the Stock Exchange. Discounting bills hardly pays, and there is so little speculation that it is not easy to lend much money. Consols are especially high; but then the purchases for the Sinking Fund have now begun. Home Railway stocks, too, are very high, and some of the Colonial stocks appear dear. Happily, however, the speculative activity that was growing feverish in the United States, and threatened to extend to London, has been checked, and there is very little of that kind of business now going on. In the United States the exports of gold from New York alone have amounted to about three millions sterling since New Year's Day. The gold now held by the Treasury has fallen so low that there is serious apprehension of difficulties. Speculators consequently have grown more cautious; and as the operators in London simply follow in the wake of those in New York, there has been a quieter market here also. In Argentine securities there was a decline early in the week, followed by a recovery later, though the reason of the recovery is not so evident as that of the decline. The Government has allowed the guarantees to the railway companies to fall into arrear, the companies appealed to the Rothschild Committee for support, and the Committee has urged upon the Government the advisability of paying promptly. In the meanwhile the Government offers 62½ per cent. of the guarantees in cash, accompanied by very onerous conditions. Two of the

companies, it is understood, have accepted; the others refuse, and are likely to hold out. At the same time the Government itself is discredited, and there are rumours of political troubles, while it is said that a rising against the Provincial Government has occurred in the province of Santa Fé. But the latest news published is much more favourable. On the Continent prices are fairly well maintained. The excitement in Paris seems to be abating, and the resumption of commercial negotiations between Russia and Germany leads to the hope that peace is secured—at all events, for the present year.

The Silver Market has been fairly steady during the week. The rejection by the United States Senate of the Bill for repealing the Silver Purchase Act encourages the hope that the repeal cannot be carried in the present session; and as it is doubtful whether Mr. Cleveland will call the new Congress together very early, it is hoped that the repeal is put off for several months. Meanwhile there is an active demand for money in India, owing to the goodness of the crops there, and this has led to a large demand both for silver and for India Council bills. The rejection of the Repeal Bill by the Senate caused a fear at first that the export of gold from New York would be largely increased. On the other hand, it is argued that as the Bank of France will not now pay interest upon gold while on the way from New York, the demand for Paris is likely to fall off. It is asserted, too, that the Austro-Hungarian Government has already acquired so much gold that the mints will be occupied for a year at the least. But as the gold is needed either for resumption or for a war-chest, or for both, it matters little to the Government whether it can be speedily coined or not. The point of importance is that the metal is acquired quickly, in as large amounts as are needed. At all events, there is for the moment a less eager demand for gold than there was last week, and this has helped to lower the rates of interest and discount, while the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pay off Treasury bills maturing immediately has had the same effect, as it increases the supply in the open market. Meantime a large amount of gold is to be shipped to-day from New York.

THE PEACEMAKER OF PETERSBURG.

DURING the recent festivities in the German capital, at which the Czarevitch was a distinguished guest, a Russian gentleman told me that he thought the peace of Europe assured by reason of the extraordinary indisposition for war that characterises the present Czar. The Russian is something of a Mollusk in his apparent indifference to death, and the thing he can least understand, and therefore never pardon, is the nervous condition resulting in cowardice. Everybody in Russia knows the barrack-room opinion in regard to the Czar's courage.

But while peace is the theme of every newspaper and official, while the Czarevitch is bearing home with him the memories of singularly friendly welcome on German soil, nothing in Russia alters the state of things which has existed in the past. On the contrary, every day furnishes new evidence that Russia means to force a war upon Europe at the very first favourable opportunity. We need not here refer to the persistent expulsion of Protestant clergymen from their churches, and the brutal punishment inflicted upon parents who venture to teach their children German or Polish. These measures, scandalous as they are in the eyes of civilised people, are after all, as Bismarck has always insisted, matters of Russian concern and not such as outside countries can formally take notice of.

What does, however, concern civilised Europe is the fact that within the last few weeks Russia has completed such a concentration of troops on her western frontier as has never before in the history of the world been tolerated by a neighbouring state. This concentration has been in progress with more or less energy ever since the Triple Alliance was called into being, and each year has brought a war-scare, based upon the alleged movements of Russian troops. These war-scares in the past have been regularly exploded after careful inquiry by the agents of the three or four nations most directly interested. In this year, however, the question is not one of alleged movement of troops alone, but of the culmination of these movements at a moment when the correspondents of English papers in Berlin and Vienna are loudly protesting that peace is assured. While Bismarck ruled Germany we became accustomed to hear each year that war was imminent, and we soon learned to expect the war-cry as a means of pressing larger subsidies out of unwilling parliaments.

To-day, however, we have the extraordinary picture of a Prime Minister seeking a large increase of his war budget while proclaiming to his fellow countrymen that no war is anticipated.

Practically, the whole of the Russian Army is to-day, for the first time, concentrated between Moscow and the German frontier. This was not true three months ago, and that it should be true in February of 1893 is, in any event, as alarming as it is unexampled. At the risk of being tedious, I will briefly summarise the actual state of things; and for the benefit of a few I will add that nothing which I am about to state comes from a privileged source or in any way represents the violation of professional secrecy. My summary is the result only of a careful sifting of Russian reports undertaken by competent and conscientious authorities on Russian soil.

The Higher Staff Organisation.—The staffs of the Military Department, Warsaw, Kieff, and Wilna have been materially increased during the autumn of 1892, in order that, at a given moment, they may be utilised in strengthening the staffs of subordinate commands in the army.

Army Corps.—In October, 1892, the 37th Infantry Division, which had previously formed part of the 1st Army Corps in St. Petersburg, was united with the formerly independent 24th Division, the two now constituting the 18th Army Corps, with headquarters at Dorpat in the Baltic Provinces.

The Finland Rifle Brigade, consisting of four regiments with two battalions apiece, has been entirely reorganised since October, 1892, with purely Russian recruits, thus giving a new pledge that the Russification of Finland is progressing in earnest. *The Local Brigade commanders* have now, in peace as well as war, control over all reserves and local troops, or local officials and transport ordinance, in so far as these are not already immediately under control of higher authorities. There are now twenty-six such organisations, of which the numbers 4 and 7 only are wanting. These figures measure roughly the degree to which the civil administration is, in Poland at least, subject to that of the military.

Reserve Infantry.—Four brigades of this category, numbered 45 to 48, having each four regiments of two battalions, five companies to the battalion, have been created. There are to-day in existence seven such brigades, numbered 42 to 48, and, in addition, two independent reserve infantry regiments of two battalions each; and seventy-three reserve battalions, mostly of five companies each, though some of them have still six. Twenty-four such battalions have been reduced in this year from six to five companies. When war is decided upon, the reserve brigades will be expanded into divisions, and the reserve battalions will become regiments having each four battalions. Russia can at this moment organise twenty-four reserve infantry divisions, although orders to this effect have not yet been issued.

Movement of Russian troops during 1892.—The headquarters of the 7th Army Corps have been moved from Sebastopol to Simferopol. The head-

quarters of the 13th Army Corps and 1st Infantry Division have been moved from Moscow to Smolensk, a distance of about 300 miles westward on the direct railway line to Warsaw, and on the frontiers of Poland. The headquarters of the 17th Army Corps have been moved from Nishni-Novgorod to Tula, 300 odd miles nearer the German frontier, from which point three railway lines radiate towards the frontiers of Austria and Prussia, although but one of these is a double track, namely, between Warsaw and Wjasma.

The 3rd Infantry Division belonging to this corps has been moved still further west to Kaluga from Nishni, and the 35th Infantry Division, also belonging to this corps, from Jaroslawl to Rjasan—points vastly more convenient, because it relieves them from the necessity of passing through Moscow on the way to the frontier, and Moscow is notably deficient in the means of moving rapidly the large bodies of troops that will inevitably congest there in case of mobilisation. The staff of the 41st Infantry Division has moved from Mohilev to Witevsk, that is to say, from being forty miles off the railway it is moved on to the railway line from Smolensk to Dunaburg. The 40th Infantry Division, which has not belonged to any particular corps, has been moved westward, about 1,000 miles, to a fortress on the Beresina, called Bobruisk, a point about half-way between Moscow and the German border. The 24th Infantry Division, belonging to the newly created army corps, has been moved from Helsingfors in Finland to Pskov, on the direct double-track line from Petersburg to Warsaw, and at the junction of the single-track line to Riga and Libau, at both of which places new works are in progress. In the place of this division is the newly organised Rifle Brigade; that is to say, the troops of Finland are sent out of their country to fight Germans and Poles, while their places are taken by Russians, who are to keep the population in order in case of uprising.

General Considerations.—Writing in February of 1893, we find that to-day Russia, on what she alleges is a peace footing, maintains forty-one divisions of infantry and nineteen of cavalry. The infantry is mostly divided into army corps, containing each two divisions, although the corps of the Guard, the Grenadiers, and those of the Caucasus have each three, the total of army corps being twenty. There remain now only three independent infantry divisions, namely the 20th, 21st, and 40th. Before this is printed, however, orders may have been given for the creation of a 21st Army Corps by transferring the 39th Infantry Division, previously stationed in the Caucasus, to Wilna, about a hundred miles eastward of the Prussian border. With this Caucasian division will go a cavalry division as well, and these two, united with the 40th Infantry Division already there, will constitute the required corps.

An analysis of the Russian military movements of 1892 discloses the clear purpose of placing the fighting forces of that Empire as nearly as possible upon the frontiers of European civilisation, and so well has this been accomplished that it is almost literally true that to-day Russia has scarcely a single line regiment east of Moscow. Pretty much all her riflemen—I mean those especially trained as sharpshooters, scouts, and wood-craftsmen—now line the borders of Germany and Austria so thickly as to suggest a picket-line in time of war rather than the frontier guard of a friendly state. Such movements as have not been geographically westward, have been so strategically, in the sense that the movements have been made with a view to placing the men on a more direct railway line towards the west. The other movements have consisted, where not coming under the first two categories, in the concentration, at strategic points, of large masses.

Hand in hand with this general movement has gone the steady increase in the construction of barracks and store-houses along the western border. The improvement of existing railways has gone also steadily forward, although it is not always easy here to determine what is purely strategic, and what is meant to meet the demands of commerce. Notable, however, is the energy displayed in completing with double tracks those lines which converge upon Warsaw and the Prussian frontier, as compared with the apparent apathy in regard to lines in other parts of the country. The small but very important strategic railway, usually called the Narev line, between Bielostok and Ostrolenka, by way of Lapy, and from Ostrolenka to Malkin, is now completed, although this was not the case when I was there last summer. The Narev is a stream at this point about as wide as the Thames at Oxford, fordable in but few places, spreading out into swamps and boggy ground up to midsummer—a stream that it is very difficult to bridge, and almost impossible to pass with artillery if any opposition is encountered. The line of this stream will probably be that behind which the Russians will make their serious defence, and the manner in which they hold this line will probably determine the hour when Poland shall rise as one man and fight for justice. This little railway, scarcely 100 miles in all, is quite the most important strategic work accomplished by Russia during the past year, and enables them to throw reinforcements from the great military depôt, Bielostok, as well as from Warsaw, to a point on the Narev within a day's march of the Prussian border, and on a stream admirably made for defence. At Lomscha, on the Narev, a short distance eastward of Ostrolenka, the Russians are now working upon an intrenched camp, capable of holding 200,000 men in security along with the necessary artillery, cavalry, and baggage. The importance of this town lies in the fact that it is near the junction of two highways leading to the Prussian border in the direction of Königsberg.

It is obvious that the concentration of troops at points far from their recruiting-ground is an expensive luxury, and one which is amongst civilised countries resorted to only for purposes of temporary exercise or else as a direct challenge to war. A certain school of diplomatic statesmen in Germany and elsewhere try to believe that Russia is a good-natured but short-sighted neighbour, who can be won over by fair words and European Congresses. These people seek to make much capital out of an occasional kiss between sovereigns, but leave out of account the great undercurrents of popular opinion that force Governments into war as the better of two evils. Every schoolchild can recall at least half-a-dozen great wars precipitated by overwhelming popular passion in spite of the better judgment of those at the head of the Government. The Czar Alexander III., although so unwieldy that nothing but an omnibus horse can sustain his weight, and so fearful of his life that a Prussian army corps had to protect him when last he crossed the territories of his western neighbour—even this Czar cannot, any more than his predecessor, control a blind hatred of Germany that permeates every class from the archbishop to the peasant. The only power in Russia that corresponds to "public opinion" is the fanatical Panslavism that hates whatever stands in the way of the Greek Church and Slav conquest. We have to look up the history of Mohammed to find a parallel to the religious intolerance which animates the political and military zeal of this empire of whitewashed Tartars. The head of the Greek Church, who is the Czar's "best friend" now, has produced within this reign legislation that would have shocked a Grand Inquisitor in the days of Philip II.

For my part, as an individual, I revere the motto of the Cobden Club, "Peace, Free Trade, Goodwill amongst Nations," but, as a political unit that must stand or fall as civilisation survives or perishes, I cannot but feel that Russia is on the eve of enterprises which, if successful, will give to Europe not merely one but a dozen Polands.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

A WORD FOR THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE French Academy has been distinguishing itself otherwise within the past few days than by rejecting M. Zola for the fifth time. Its Dictionary Commission has been proposing a series of reforms in spelling. M. Gréard, the spokesman of the Commission, has submitted a "note" recommending that, in the interests of schoolboys and foreigners, those tiresome and illogical "exceptions" in spelling should be done away with as much as possible. Why not adopt "s," for example, as the sole mark of the plural, and write *cheveus* and *caillous* instead of *cheveux* and *cailloux*? Why not substitute "f" everywhere for "ph"? In some words, as it is, the "f" is used, but in most it is not; and M. Gréard thinks it would be a great simplification if "*filosofie*," "*blasfème*," and all the rest, followed the example of the *fioles*, the *fantastiques*, and the *faisans*. He suggests several other reforms on a similar principle, amongst them that foreign words incorporated into French should be spelled phonetically—thus, "*bréc*" instead of "break." The Academy is to debate and vote upon this report of its Dictionary Commission. If it adopts it, these reforms will be established as the authentic orthography of France; and the decree of the Academy will be instantly obeyed, like an imperial edict, in every printing-office and school-room in the country.

This is one of those things which help to puzzle unsympathetic foreigners about France. Like the duello, the Academy is an institution of the country they do not easily understand. One would not like to count the number of jokes that will have been made in our Press this week *à propos* of M. Zola's unaccountable desire to belong to such a body. It is in most eyes a body of old fossils: forty pedants, mostly ancient and conservative, who array themselves in a uniform with palm-leaves to indicate their authority like the buttons of a mandarin, and who, with a fatuity truly senile, call themselves "Immortals." "I feel myself becoming a god," said the humorous Vespasian when he felt his gout coming on. It is only when a Frenchman has begun to sink into old age that he is supposed to be ripe for the immortality of the Academy. So runs our insular opinion. Even the French newspapers themselves, if you dwelt on certain irreverent remarks therein, would be in danger of giving you this impression. Yet here is this old-fogey Academy initiating itself a programme of wholesale orthographic innovation such as might make the most advanced of our phonetic editors over here catch his breath; and, what is more, if it settles on this programme, its word will become living law, and will be put in force simultaneously by every editor in the land. The height of orthographic reforming courage in England has carried us no further than the spectacle of a single editor who has nibbled off the end of a single word, and who has only become a sport for his fellows in consequence, like the fox who lost his tail. Decidedly they manage these things better in France. This will not be by any means the first scheme of orthographic reform carried out in its orderly and authoritative way by the French Academy: it has been fixing and unfixing the spelling of the language committed to its care ever since the first edition of its Dictionary was issued in 1694. The Academy, in simple truth, for all the wits may choose to say, is a living and honoured institution in France, and it fulfils a function of no mean consequence for French literature and learning. It is the dearest wish of every French author of fame, no matter how revolutionary he be, to belong to it. M. Zola's constant siege is a classic case in point. And the fact is not without its ethical as well as artistic significance, that an institution whose honours are so ardently desired by writers of such great fame should sternly avert its countenance so long as that fame has been earned by outraging the purity of literature. If M. Zola still cherishes a hope of getting into the Academy, it must be because he intends writing another book like "Le Rêve," for he knows very well that unless he proves his recantation of his old methods to be sincere by doing so, the Immortals will never admit him of their company. He must conform to their standard of taste. It is something to have a standard of taste to be conformed to which, throughout all the upheavals and new births, throughout all the revolts and contempts of the unstable literary forces of the passing day, maintains its respect. It is this continuity and firmness which have rallied round the Academy the great spirits of every generation. Criticise the institution as you like, there is no getting over the fact that almost every author or savant of the first rank in France, from the days of Renan, Pasteur, and Hugo, back to the days of Bossuet, Corneille, and Racine, has belonged to it, and that to this hour its approval is sought by novelists, poets, dramatists, historians, and scientists alike as the blue ribbon of intellectual distinction.

The unique authority which attaches to the Dictionary of the Academy in a country not wanting in other great dictionaries is one of the most remarkable testimonies to the value of the function it fulfils. Littré (himself an Academician) holds his illustrious place, but the Dictionary of the Academy is the final court of appeal. It is the Bible of those autocrats of the printed word, those true watch-dogs of the language—the proof-readers. M. Sarcey tells an amusing story about an attempt of Edmond About, when he edited a paper, to introduce a little spelling fad of his own. The printer had set it up as he desired, but the proof-reader restored the orthodox spelling in a correction in the margin. About struck out the correction, and even wrote on the proof, "I wish it so." Next morning, when he opened the paper, he found the old spelling there. In a rage he sent for the reader. "Never, monsieur," said that fanatic of orthography, "never will I allow any spelling to go into the paper but that of the Academy." "But, man, the spelling is mine," said the editor. "It does not matter, monsièur," replied the hero. "I cannot permit it. I would resign my place first." About, after paying him some ironical compliments on his zeal for orthodoxy, had to succumb. He continued writing his own spelling in the copy, but the proof-reader continued striking it out, and restoring the spelling of the Academy. This martyr-like faith is inspired by the fact that the Academy introduces its reforms, when usage seems to necessitate them, not merely in a truly learned and scientific spirit, but, so to speak, in a constitutional and œcumenical manner. It debates and deliberates, and it finally passes a law, like the representative assembly of a nation to which the preface-writer of the edition which was brought out in the Year III. compared it. It is to be noted that the proposed new reforms are not mere phonetic vagaries: the wise dictum of Bossuet on phonetic spelling still guides them on this point. The new suggestions are made with a view to rendering the usage more consistent and logical on certain points, and consequently more simple than it is. If we in England are ever to reform scientifically our fearful and wonderful orthography, it must be by the aid of such a body as this—which Swift once wanted to have established for the purpose—and not according to what Sir Walter Scott would call the whim-whams of journalists with an itch for eccentricity.

THE SIZE OF THE HOUSE.

THE experiences of the fortnight at St. Stephen's have not failed to bring out the old complaint about the size of the House. This is a grievance invariably heard of when a Parliament is passing through its first hours of life. New members who

have never before entered the precincts—save, perhaps, as deferential "strangers" shown round by an affable M.P.—are astonished at nothing in the legislative palace so much as the smallness of the chamber. Everything else in their surroundings—the lofty Gothic architecture of the lobbies, the frescoed walls, the vasty and bewildering maze of corridors, the obsequious policemen with their military salute, the eager strangers in the outer court emphasising by contrast the idea of one's privileges—is calculated to flatter their pride and, at the same time, to overcome them with some awe. But when they enter the chamber itself the want of room baffles and disconcerts them. They have not come down before the dawn broke to plant their hat upon a vacant spot on the benches, and afterwards to breakfast in the dusky morning dining-room, like older Parliamentary hands who still retain zeal enough to perform these exercises; and when they do arrive, they find themselves in the position of the late Father Tom Burke when his hostess asked him hadn't he got a seat. (May we venture the citation? It will harm nobody.) "Haven't you got a seat, Father Tom?" said the lady. "Bedad, I have, ma'm," said Father Tom, "but I have nowhere to put it!" Similarly the new member is embarrassed; and, as the new member is generally (it is an attribute of newness) driven on by a powerful idea of his own importance, his embarrassment rapidly develops into a burning grievance. His dignity is offended at the idea of his having to "scrooge" himself into a little perch on the steps of a gangway, with the knees of a political opponent thrust into the large of his back, or a pair of coat-tails spoiling the nap of his new hat when some long-legged Irish member steps over him bodily as one has sometimes to step over children in passing through a crowded back-street. This fills the new member with indignation, and he loudly proclaims his intention of getting the old House knocked down and a new one built more in harmony with his requirements. He finds, moreover, old members like Mr. Labouchere, whose mode of making life endurable is to amuse themselves with the foibles of their fellow-creatures, ready to his hand to encourage his discontent, and even to move for a committee for him on the subject. There are hanging up in the tea-room at present, as the new member will discover when he has explored his new world sufficiently, a number of handsome and rather fetching designs showing how the House might be enlarged and what it would look like if it were. These are the fruit of former committees, some of them appointed so far back as twenty years ago, when first this grievance was felt. There are designs for an octagonal chamber, for a quadrilateral chamber (you can take your choice), for improved division lobbies, for a reformed bar. They are all nicely coloured, and through the windows there pours in a mellow light, like that of a cathedral. If the expansive member is not satisfied with these, and only finds in them materials for concocting a question to the First Commissioner of Works, the Government may ease the situation by appointing a Committee once more. The result will be a new crop of designs, which will be hung "on the line" in the tea-room *vice* the old crop "skied," or consigned to the Sergeant-at-Arms' lumber regions. But long before these designs are ready the subject will, somehow or other, have subsided upon a lower plane of feeling, and the House will be found putting up with its size in a state of ignoble contentment, and even comfort, for another five or six years, until another new Parliament brings its bounding and unjaded hosts.

The truth appears to be that the House of Commons, although it is not able to provide each and every one of its six hundred and seventy members with a roomy place for himself, is found in practice to be quite big enough for the number of members who commonly use it; and not only that, but that it derives advantages from its very size which might far outweigh the problematical attractions of a larger chamber. It is only during the first days of a new Parliament, when members are fresh and curious to be present at all that is going on, that these grumblings about want of room arise. Except then, and on a few great spectacular occasions, the House is never called on to accommodate the full muster of its forces. Indeed, it might be said that it is on the idle and unbusinesslike occasions, such as the debate on the Address—that the inconvenience is felt most. Once the House settles down to real business, from about fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the desire to be present in the chamber falls away. The superior attractions of smoking-room, lobby, and terrace then assert themselves, and the difficulty is, not to find benches for the members, but to cover the nakedness of the benches with a decent sprinkling of colleagues when the orators of one's party are holding forth. There may be genuine historic nights—such as when a Home Rule Bill is being introduced by Mr. Gladstone—which no man, however *blasé*, would like to miss. Then it is queer, no doubt, to see the floor of the House filled with chairs brought in from the library, and the performances with hats in the unearthly hours of the morning may hardly accord with the intelligent foreigner's notion of the solemnity befitting the Mother of Parliaments. Though even for these vagaries there is something to be said; the very unusualness of those rows of chairs upon the floor, surely it but heightens the dramatic interest of a night on which history is made? And as for the great hat question, depend upon it, your true Parliamentary hand would not be without it for any consideration; it is one of those topics, of the special genius of the place, moreover, which lend colour and variety to the life of an assembly whose members are distinguished for their belief in the value of being amused. At any rate, Mr. Gladstone does not introduce a Home Rule Bill every night. The House was not meant by its sensible designer for these rare great occasions, or for the idle parades of the debate on the Address, but for the long months of humdrum nights and days in which most of the time of Parliament is passed, and in which all its real work is accomplished. For the purposes of that work it may be boldly asserted the House of Commons is the most comfortable legislative chamber in the world. Non-political Americans are perhaps the class of visitors who are most contemptuous about the size of the House of Commons when they think of the vast circle of their own House at Washington, where there is a desk to every member, and where each desk stands, like a suburban villa, on its own ground. But experienced members of Congress, who know the difference, have been known to fall into raptures with our Chamber after they have been listening to a debate there for some time. In the House of Representatives, which, like the House of Commons, is most of the time three-fourths empty, one might as well be talking in a circus. The member has to strain his voice with shouting to make himself heard. He is generally not heard, and gets "leave to print" his speech; or, if he has a few friends who desire to hear his remarks, they come together from their distant places in the great rotunda and stand (they may not sit down, for each man is confined to the use of his own allotted seat) around his desk within earshot. In the House of Commons one has only to speak in an easy conversational tone and one is heard all around the room. What a boon that simple fact is to the small percentage of members who do the hard work of the House, only these members themselves can tell. It is possible that this fact, too, has had some effect in conducing to that direct, unpretentious style, as of well-bred conversation, which, in the main, characterises the eloquence of the British Senate. The declamatory style would be out of place in a chamber where one is so easily heard. In a large chamber, where one has to shout, on the contrary, the declamatory style becomes almost a necessity. The nearness of members to each other in a small chamber, their sympathetic and corrective

influence upon each other, gives reality and spirit to their discussions, even when very few are present. A small number of members comfortably disposed about the benches, say in Committee of Supply, make a very nice audience in the House of Commons. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Labouchere. He himself, who is, after all, one of the working members of the House, would be one of the worst sufferers from the improvements which he advocates. The cosy little audience, for example, on which he can rely to keep him in countenance when he raises that promised discussion on Uganda on the Estimates would be utterly lost in a much larger chamber: the chill waste of empty benches before and behind him would be simply withering. The question, in one word, seems to be whether the House is to be made uncomfortable for nine-tenths of the session for its workers in order that its idlers may enjoy themselves in it luxuriously for a few nights. The House hitherto has always answered that question in the rational way. New considerations have cropped up this time with regard to the shape of the chamber; but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

MR. STEAD AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

IT is said that the prospect of Mr. Stead's accession to the ranks of the Spiritualists is not welcomed by that body with extravagant enthusiasm. They have, indeed, no little cause for apprehension. Hitherto Spiritualism has conducted communications with the unseen world on the assumption that spirits either do not know more than mortals, or that they are forbidden, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, to unfold their secrets. We have heard Spiritualists account for the exceedingly bald messages from eminent personages who have quitted the flesh by the impossibility of any medium of intercourse which would make clear to our finite intelligence, still enclosed in its earthly envelope, the marvels which are now familiar to the disembodied consciousness of Julius Cæsar or Oliver Cromwell. This certainly explains the commonplaces which the spirits of defunct eminence consider quite good enough for curious inquirers sitting hand-in-hand in a dark room. There must be a good deal of commiseration, not unmixed with contempt, on the part of the immortals for the searchers after truth who are content to hear raps on the table or to be banged on the head with tambourines. The average orthodoxy of the Spiritualist is well represented by the clergyman who recites his experience in these moving terms: "For nearly two consecutive hours a deeply interesting conversation respecting the present and the future life, and the subject of spirit intercourse, was thus carried on between the living and the dead, until the power failed, and the voices with parting greetings died away." This was a beautiful experience, because the deeply interesting conversation evidently did no more than confirm the narrator's preconceived ideas. He found that he knew quite as much as the spirits who were so obliging as to agree with him on every point, either out of compassion for his limitations or because they were not permitted to freeze his ecclesiastical blood. But if the other world is unable or unwilling to impart to us any new ideas, the advantages of spirit intercourse are distinctly overrated.

It need scarcely be said that Mr. Stead is not the man for orthodox Spiritualism. He wants the occult agency to do something very definite and entirely original. He is absolutely sincere, but his sincerity is not the passive quality which has a great deal of spare time for dark *séances*. Mr. Stead is in a hurry to make the world better than he finds it. Moreover, he is a journalist whose instinct is revolted by stale twaddle from supposed spirits who announce themselves in this fashion: "Good-evening, my dear friends; I am so glad to meet you all. The power is weak at present, but I shall be able to speak better by-and-by." It is natural that Mr. Stead should disdain the agency of the ordinary medium, and should put himself in communication with the intelligence of a departed journalist. When she was in this life "Julia" was thoroughly alive to her business, and now she is in a sphere where printers and typewriters are unnecessary she still craves to work the great machine of journalism through one of its most eminent hands. That there should be a bond between "Julia" and Mr. Stead is perfectly reasonable, but, so far, it has produced exceedingly small results. We have no desire to dash Mr. Stead's enthusiasm, but he must be perfectly aware that "Julia," though she has the best intentions, and is as affable a spirit as a ghost-seeker could desire, does not communicate anything of staggering moment. She tells him that he will not go to Preston to see a printing-machine, and he does not go. This is interesting, but it is not omniscience. Indeed, "Julia" is perfectly frank about her limited capacity. "Sometimes she is able to see what is going to happen, but she is not allowed to communicate. Sometimes she is permitted to communicate such information, and at other times she doesn't know anything at all about it any more than we do." That is straightforward, but disappointing. "Julia" does not make predictions about the Home Rule Bill like a spook of our acquaintance. Probably prudence as well as candour prevents her from indulging in speculations as to whom a mere mortal may commit his credit for a new hat. But if "Julia," with all her aptitude for journalism, *plus* disembodiment, cannot divine the secrets that ought to make her earthly confidant a supreme oracle, how long will Mr. Stead be content to learn nothing more momentous than that a contemplated railway journey will be abandoned?

If this were all, the orthodox Spiritualist might take comfort and say, "This man would pluck out the heart of our mysteries; he would sound spirits from the lowest note to the top of their compass, and yet is as easily played upon by 'Julia' as we are by our mystic raps. Go to!" But Mr. Stead is in a fair way to perfect a mode of communication which ought to supersede Spiritualism altogether. It is plain that the spirits can tell us nothing of stupendous importance which it boots us to know; but what if we can establish telepathic intercourse with our fellow-mortals? The Julias of spiritual journalism must be devoured by jealousy at the bare idea. Mr. Stead sits at his desk and wonders why his secretary is late. His hand, directed by some volition not his own, writes the words, "I am here;" the door opens, and lo! the secretary appears. Mr. Stead goes to meet a friend at a railway station. The train is delayed. Out come pencil and a slip of paper from Mr. Stead's pocket, and immediately the friend explains that the train is rounding a curve close at hand. Sure enough, the next moment the friend arrives, quite unconscious, by the way, of having sent any message to Mr. Stead. This facility for extracting information from people without their knowledge is manifestly of immense utility. The journalist is constantly irritated by the unwillingness of distinguished persons to make a clean breast of it, and if Mr. Stead, by the simple operation of taking pencil and paper, could receive from Mr. Gladstone a revelation of the Home Rule Bill, while the Prime Minister remained blissfully unconscious that the secret had gone out of him, there would be a revolution in the whole world of psychology. A newspaper thus conducted would hold the fortunes of dynasties and nations in the hollow of its editor's hand; and this, we presume, is the aim of Mr. Stead's ambition. It is wonderful enough that he should receive messages deliberately despatched like brain-waves from distant correspondents, but while this phenomenon promises considerable benefits for the common enjoyment, the other threatens to be the arbitrary monopoly of Mr. Stead. The Papacy itself,

and all the principalities and powers, pale their ineffectual fires before the soul-compelling energy of Mr. Stead's pencil. As for the world of spirits, it recedes into an insignificance of which the gentlemen who direct the performances of the tambourines must be acutely conscious.

THE FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY.

"TO look up and behold the Heavens, Man hath a notable disadvantage in the Eyelid; whereof the upper is far greater than the lower which abridgeth the sight upwards: contrary to those of Birds, who herein have the advantage of Man: Insomuch that the learned Plempius is bold to affirm, that if he had had the formation of the Eyelids, he would have contrived them quite otherwise." Thus good Sir Thomas Brown; and, in consequence of his quaint reasoning, may it not be urged by lovers of horticulture that man is specially intended to gaze earthwards, to take particular pleasure in the flowers which deck the earth, to "consider the lilies," in fact? Surely the astrologer of French fable might have escaped his fate of stepping into a well had he been searching for wild flowers. Meanwhile, even the most crusty philosopher if, when taking his morning constitutional, he comes upon the "firstling of the year" (a title which the snowdrop somewhat victoriously disputes with the primrose), may be found to unbend, and smile a pleased greeting. The snowdrop gladdens us, first-born of Spring that it is, like a first joy, a first love, its white garment shining all the whiter because of the tracts of desolate brown earth around, its tender leaves doubly acceptable because there is no other green newness of vegetation present.

In the "language of flowers" the snowdrop symbolises Hope, sometimes also Consolation. After long winter and long dearth of flowers and foliage, it is delightful to behold the return of Spring, a sight which, as we grow older, deepens and intensifies instead of lessening in our minds. The flower of the blackthorn is not specially beautiful, yet, when it blooms in our bare hedges, whilst young lambs bleat in the fields and birds begin to build their nests, it seems to us very lovely; more to be appreciated, indeed, than many of the blossoming trees and bushes bursting forth in luxuriant groups during balmy May and June. Snowdrop is a comparatively modern name, and the plant is not generally considered to be a wild flower in England. Its prettiest name with us was that of "fair maid of February," a name bestowed because of the usual appearance of the white blooms about the date of the feast of the Purification, or Candlemas, at which festival (placed formerly, like all others, twelve days later than now) the custom was for girls, dressed in white, to walk in procession. According to the adage:—

> "The snowdrop in purest white array
> First rears her head on Candlemas Day."

Further, "the snowdrop is one flower of many once held sacred to the Virgin, and it is linked with her, so monkish legends say, because it blossoms in the winter in memory of her first visit to the Temple with the infant Christ." * A curious ceremony existed in olden times, the "fair maids of February" being so particularly consecrated to the Virgin that one day in each year her image was removed from above the altar and the empty place strewn with snowdrops, emblems of holiness and virginal purity. Another name for the snowdrop is the helmet-flower. Wordsworth writes of—

> "Frail snowdrops that together cling
> And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
> Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by."

In many parts of northern Europe, the poor snowdrop is called summer-gowk (meaning summer dupe or fool), because it makes its appearance in answer to the first sunshine of the year, deluded, so to speak, into the belief that summer is at hand. One of Hans Andersen's stories is founded on this nick-name. A snowdrop peeps through the snow, although "it was weather to freeze it to pieces, such a delicate little flower! But there was more strength in it than it knew of. It was strong in its glad faith in the summer that must be near; for thus its own heart had foretold it, and the sunbeams had confirmed the tale, and so with patient hope it stood in its white dress in the white snow, bowing its head when the flakes fell thick and heavy, and when icy blasts came driving over it." The flower, gathered, passed betwixt the hands of lovers, flung away, and finally placed in a book of poems, is found again after a lapse of years. "'So,' says the reader, 'here is a summer-gowk! Not without a meaning does it lie here. Was not the poet also a summer-gowk, a poet-gowk, and so he had to face sharp winds and sleet?'"

Snowdrops in England were formerly called Bulbous Violets. Under this head Gerarde has some graceful illustrations of snowdrops, already so named occasionally, as he acknowledges. He says "These plants doe growe wilde in Italie, and the places adjacent; notwithstanding, our London gardens have taken possession of them manie yeares past." The Italians call the flower Pianterella, the French Perce-neige, and the Germans Schneeglöckchen. It is general in most European countries, and—according to Anne Pratt—"Dr. E. D. Clarke saw it on Mount Helicon." As for the planting and careful consideration of such bulbs, a dear old gardener, known to the present writer, used to say: "Lay 'im up by the heels all summer, put 'im in a hole in autumn, and he'll do the rest for hisself." In regard to the modern name, some writers argue that the word drop is not intended—as we understand it—to mean a drop of frozen rain or snow, but rather to express an ornament, such as an ear-drop, something more similar to schnee-glockchen, or snow-bell, in fact. Despite such reasoning, however, it is as a little idealised fleck or flake of snow that our favourite snowdrop first appears to us from betwixt its green leaves, growing into a live flower as Galatea grew into warm human life from her white marble coldness.

Mr. Thiselton Dyer records an old legend which tells how, after the fall of man, no flower bloomed in Eden, and Eve wept and mourned over the barren earth, whilst snowstorms raged around. But an angel was sent to comfort her in her grief, and, even as he spoke, he stretched out his hand and caught a falling flake of snow, and breathed upon it, and when he loosed it, and it touched the earth, it bloomed and became a sweet white flower, which was to Eve more beautiful than all the flowers of Paradise which she had known and lost. And the angel said:—

> "This is an earnest, Eve, to thee
> That sun and summer soon shall be."

Then, as he passed from her sight, in his place there stood a garland of blossoming snowdrops. That this flower is an emblem of purity its name evidences, for nothing is so pure, so cold, so dazzlingly white as fresh-fallen snow. The brilliant purity of it makes all else seem dull and dark. I remember a poem wherein the plumage of white doves is described as grey by contrast when seen upon glittering snow. Already mentioned as a symbol of hope, these

> ". . . harbingers of Spring—
> A sort of link between dumb life and light,"

are also tokens of spiritual hope:

> "Out of the snow, the snowdrop;
> Out of Death comes Life."

Nay, more. For whilst, as in almost all folk traditions, there is a gloomy side to the snowdrop, and in many parts of rural England a single Spring flower, *e.g.*, a snowdrop, violet, daffodil, or primrose,

* "Rambles of a Dominie." F. Knight.

must not be carried into a house at a season when the plant first comes into blossom, or, it is said, ill-luck is sure to follow, we may consider the white-clad "herald" to be not merely a promise of future Spring, but a type of compensation for "the Winter of our discontent."

"He who wintry hours hath given,
With the snow gives snowdrops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears the robins sing on earth."

THE MODERN PRESS.

VI.—"The Weekly Sun."

THE remarkable man who, having founded the *Star* and then the *Sunday Sun*, has now founded the *Weekly Sun*, and promises in a few brief months to illuminate the metropolitan firmament with an *Evening Sun* (his fondness for the heavenly bodies is perhaps characteristic of the meteoric brilliancy of his journalism), has for some years now been quite an institution in English public life. As politician and journalist, mellifluous orator and picturesque descriptive writer, Irish obstructionist and Radical agitator, biographer, translator, critic, we have had to consider him in many aspects, and have done so from time to time with somewhat puzzled feelings. Not always, let it be avowed, have Englishmen been willing to suffer "Tay Pay" gladly. There were those who were heard to resent the notion of this expansive Irishman coming over, like a Goth to old Rome, and making London his toy. Some criticised his taste, and didn't like it; others—as if in that he were an exception among politicians—said he was egotistical. But all that was before T. P. was understood as well as he is now; or rather, to put it better, it was before he conquered us. We are conquered now: under the spell of the honied brogue, the genial smile, and the shrewd, sane, knowledgable, good-humoured way of looking at life and its depressing problems; and whatever else we may think or feel about T. P., we are ready to suffer him most gladly. Who in "politics or society" would now be without his racy paper of a Sunday morning? It has become a sort of necessity of public life, as he has himself. His cheery optimism is a tonic to dull livers, whether we meet it there in print or beaming across a dinner-table; for it is the optimism not of a gushing enthusiast—or, as he might say himself, of a "slushy philanthropist"—but of an able and case-hardened man-of-the-world, who has no illusions, and who gives himself no pragmatical airs. This fortunate temperament has enabled T. P. to live down all the prejudices which he had against him when he started. In the House he is now as popular with his opponents as he is with his friends; and his friends inside and outside of Parliament have become legion. Even *Mr. Punch*, who was not too kindly-minded when he first immortalised him as "Tay Pay," has taken him to his bosom. It would be as hard now to imagine our House of Commons and our Press without their "Tay Pay," as it would be to conceive them without their Labby.

Mr. O'Connor has, in fact, grown upon us. We have found that there is more in him, both as politician and as journalist, than at first we were perhaps inclined to believe. He is both able and sincere, with not more of the personal equation in his motive force than seems a necessary part of the machinery of all successful politicians. His sympathies are genuinely democratic. His impulses are generous, and, on the whole, sound; and his energies are something phenomenal. A good deal might be said of him as a politician, and as an English as distinguished from an Irish politician. He has done good work, as well as hard and tireless work, both with his voice and his pen. With his founding of the *Star* his was certainly the first big trumpet-blast to awaken the dormant Liberalism of London. But his politics do not concern us here. We have to deal with him mainly as a literary man, and in that capacity he is sufficiently interesting. Mr. O'Connor passes in the common opinion as *par excellence* the facile journalist: a man who can reel you off yards of brilliant diction on almost any subject, at a moment's notice, without thinking or pausing: and that, no doubt, he is. But this facility generally implies the idea of shallowness and superficiality, and it oftener than not flourishes on an imperfectly cultivated soil. It would be a great mistake to deduce a notion of superficiality from the copious eloquence of T. P. As a matter of fact he is both a vigorous thinker in politics and literature, a critic of lucid judgment, and a man of ripe and wide culture, grounded upon a sound education. Before he embarked on the hardships of that struggle in the humbler ranks of journalism of which he is so pleasantly proud, he had had the inestimable advantage of a University training; and his college career was distinguished. He took several scholarships, one of the highest of post-graduate prizes, and he became an M.A. of the Queen's University. With this he has been endowed by Nature with some rare literary gifts: a singularly impressionable organisation, and a talent for recording his impressions with instant and vivid force; a sensitiveness to the dramatic issues and the hidden meanings of a situation; an insight into character—not always true perhaps, but invariably interesting; and a fertile brain for ideas generally of the order the French call *prime sautier*. It is amusing to see the advice he sometimes gives in his paper—apparently in all sincerity—to aspiring journalists who write to him asking how they may become T. P.'s. He warns them against imitating "those unhappy creatures who are so afraid of not being exactly correct in every syllable as to stand shivering on the brink of a sentence"—an expression, by the way, curiously like something M. Zola said the other day about his own literary methods. "Write whenever and wherever you can," says T. P.; "and always write in a hurry." This may be good advice for a man who has not only plenty of ideas, but who has these always ready, and who has an unhesitating command of language; and in T. P.'s own case the method, no doubt, results in giving his writing that sense of "palpitating actuality" which is its chief charm. But T. P., in bestowing this counsel, forgets that he is an exceptional man. He has not to "loaf and invite his soul" as others have before beginning to write. We believe he can sit down at a type-writer any hour of the day or night, and in any place, and rattle off most excellent "copy" as fast as Paderewski might play the piano. There is no sound, he says, so pleasant to his ears while he is at work as the whirr of machinery coming up to him from the printing-room of a newspaper office. He is, in truth, a journalist born, not made. It is his methods, nevertheless, which betray him into his chief literary fault—a sort of exuberant carelessness which would shake the nerves of a precisian. Only a style with remarkable vitality in it could survive such treatment without degenerating into mere slapdash. Instead of degenerating, Mr. O'Connor's English strikes us as being now mellower and firmer than it used to be. Some of his "Book of the Week" reviews in the *Weekly Sun* are marvellously well written. In these, by the way, which have been so attractive a feature of his paper, he has developed a form of criticism entirely his own—unaffected, unpedantic, almost unliterary, just the frank talk of a cultured man-of-the-world chatting with a friend about the last new book. And yet from those *dégagé* conversations there often flash remarks which the most perspicuous of "autoritaire" critics might envy. We remember, for a recent example, a summing-up of Mr. Henry James's style, which is about the happiest word on that subtle matter we have yet seen.

It is, however, as a Parliamentary *chroniqueur* that T. P. is pre-eminent. It has been well remarked

that the difference between him and other describers of Parliamentary scenes is that he seems to describe from within, while the others write simply from the outside. This is true, and we believe it is a fact which will be better appreciated by-and-by, when the records of these times are searched for materials for history, than perhaps it is just now. Mr. O'Connor transfers to his page not merely the varying aspects, but the varying moods and passions of the House; the undercurrent of tragedy which so often runs through its proceedings throbs again in his eloquent sentences. He is himself of its life; there have been few of its great events for many years of which he cannot say *quorum pars fui*. His mind is stored with memories which enrich the background of his pictures, and help him to invest politics with an atmosphere of romance which quite belongs to them, but which generally escapes less appreciative observers. Take, for example, from last Sunday's *Weekly Sun* the following little passage on Lord Randolph Churchill:—

> Even the solid and united ranks of the Tories are broken by one figure that was once the most potent among them all. I was strangely moved at a theatre, a week or so ago, as I looked at Lord Randolph Churchill. I remember him twelve years ago—a mere boy in appearance, with clean-shaven face, dapper and slight figure, the alertness and grace of youth, and a skin smooth as the cheek of a maiden. And now—bearded, slightly stooped, with lines deep as the wrinkles of octogenarian years, he sometimes looks like the grandfather of his youthful self. It is in the deep-set, brilliant eyes that you still see all the fire of his extraordinary political genius, and the embers that may quickly burst into flame of all the passion and force of a violently strong character. For the moment he sits silent and expectant. He has even refused to take his rightful place among the leaders of the party on the Front Opposition Bench. Still, he sits in the corner immediately behind, which is the spectral throne of exiled rulers. He has the power of all strong natures of creating around him an atmosphere of uncertainty, apprehension, and fear. Of all the many problems of this Session of probably fierce personal conflict, this is the most unreadable sphinx.

There it is: a purist might find fault with that last sentence; but no man but T. P. could give us such a picture. There is in the same issue a striking passage portraying a mood of the Old Man in which his voice with a trace of hoarseness in it is described as having "a fine roll, the roll of a wave on a pebbly beach in an autumn evening" (a touch of genuine poetry); and the curious reader might collate with that for a description of another kind a paragraph relating to Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg. We do not hesitate to call such passages as these literature, apart even from the historical value which they are one day bound to have. The man who can write them possesses a talent which at such moments falls little short of genius.

THE DRAMA.

"BECKET."

THE usual method of analysing a play is by an examination of its elements to the neglect of their arrangement, by taking the characters out of their stage environment and holding them up betwixt finger and thumb for the inspection of their motives and consistency—by considering, in short, not how the play strikes us at the time, but what we deduce from it the next morning. Many critics have been applying this process to the Lyceum *Becket*, pointing out gaps or queer places in the hero's character, a lack of organic relationship between the two stories of the play—the Becket story and the Rosamund story—and so forth. But whatever advantages this familiar process may possess, it has the grave disadvantage of misrepresenting the direct impression made by the play on our minds at the moment of its performance. Now it was for just that impression and no other that the play was written; or, at least, that the play was performed. Thus it is—I am tired of insisting on the point—with impressions, not afterthoughts, that the critic should, in common fairness, concern himself; and therefore I propose to consider nothing but the performance of the play as we get it at the Lyceum.

My feeling at the outset is one of slight disappointment. The first scene, a mere back-cloth, purporting to be a chamber in some Norman castle, is paltry, and the conversation between Queen Eleanor and Fitzurse by no means striking. We hear of Rosamund and the King's infatuation for her; but the eye, rather than the ear, is interested, fastening itself on the strange mummy-like swathings of Miss Genevieve Ward's head-dress. Miss Ward, one remembers, has a fine head; the gear of the twelfth century is fatal to its contours. The next scene prompts one, by contrast, to an involuntary "Ah!" of delight. We are on the ramparts of the Norman Castle, looking down upon a far-stretching plain studded with villages and church-towers, undulating with pleasant hills, watered by a winding river. On the right is an arbour, its trellis-work interlaced by a vine. In the centre sit Henry and Becket at their game of chess. The King is lithe, jaunty, and inclined to shout. Mr. Terriss, one remembers, is generally inclined to shout. Becket, in his rich flowing chancellor's robes, is quiet, reserved, courtier-like; he acquiesces with a smile in the King's description of him as

> "A doter on white pheasant-flesh at feasts,
> A dish-designer, and most amorous
> Of good old red sound liberal Gascon wine."

But he becomes graver when he hears of Theobald's death, his "heart is full of tears," and even solemn when the King nominates him to Canterbury in Theobald's place. One notes that; and one notes Mr. Terriss's agility as he leaps over the table—"A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow fat."

In the next scene we can see from Becket's face and bearing he has put on a new man. And yet I am not so sure. It has been said that the great transformation of Becket's character from courtier and king's friend to champion of the Church has not been properly managed by the dramatist—that it takes place behind the scenes. But, after all, the transformation is only external. Becket is the same man as before: the strong man who will go steadfastly through with the business that lies nearest to his hand. He was the faithful servant of the King; he is now the faithful servant of the King of Kings. And he serves his new Master much in the same way as the old, as bursar and steward, with a keen eye on the revenues, not the spiritual power, of the Church.

> "Her livings, her advowsons, granges, farms,
> And goodly acres—we will make her whole;
> Not one rood lost."

But these are afterthoughts; all we think of at the time is the white, set, rather weary face of Becket, his calm dignity, his air of power. It is plain even at this early stage that Mr. Irving is going to make a most impressive figure of Thomas Becket. It is also plain that Miss Ellen Terry's Rosamund is going to be entirely and delightfully—Terryish. She skips about the stage with childlike glee. And it appears that the familiar monitory gesture of arm and forefinger—a gesture to be found in every member of the Terry family—was already a feminine grace in the twelfth century. The talk of the old man unbending to the sprightly girl reminds me of Richelieu and Julie. The scene shifts—for this, as you have been told on all hands, is in form, or the lack of form, an Elizabethan chronicle play—to Northampton, a quaint street-view, seen beneath a fine circular arch making one great sweep across the stage, and then to the Hall in Northampton Castle, wherein a bustling, brawling crowd of bishops, barons, templars, men-at-arms, priests, and pages is grouped with the usual Lyceum skill. Becket's quiet, stately entry, amid the general din, is a clever

stage-effect. But there is too much coming and going in the scene. When Becket pops in the King pops out, and *vice-versâ*—too suggestive of the old couple in the weather-gauge. The business of the rival crosses, Becket hugging one and Roger of York another, as though they would play at quarter-staff with them, strikes a modern mind as puerile. And the "baron-brutes" are too much like Sheridan's stage army, too unanimous. The four of them who are destined to slay Becket are inseparable, and mere replicas one of the other. The antiphony of negatives from Becket, "That I will not sign—and that I will not sign," and groans from the baron-brute quartet is, however, well scored. And one sees that Mr. Irving is gradually deepening the note he means to strike in Becket, the note of power, mastery, distinction. One does not much care what he is fighting for, or what are the precise "customs" he refuses to sign: the point is that he gives us a picture of a real man, an indomitable will.

For a contrast we are now transported to Rosamund's bower, in such a glade of tall pines as that in which Sandra Belloni was discovered by Mr. Pericles. An opportunity for giving us a real brook—the brook into which little Geoffrey throws his ball—has not been taken. Probably they do not keep a tank at the Lyceum. The love-making between Rosamund and Henry is very sweet, and very sweet, too, Miss Terry's recital to soft music of the brief snatch of true Tennysonian song—

> "Rainbow, stay,
> Gleam upon gloom,
> Bright as my dream,
> Rainbow, stay!"

We observe that Rosamund has been whitewashed. She supposes herself married to Henry. But the fierce Eleanor, who has found her way into the bower by the aid of little Geoffrey, soon undeceives her. The dagger-and-poison business that follows is not so thrilling as one might have expected. It seems unreal; while the sudden entry of Becket, to arrest the descending blade, is, of course, an outrageous piece of clap-trap melodrama. There has been a brief intercalation of comedy, in the form of a monologue by Miss Kate Phillips as a serving-wench, and Master Leo Byrne has played very prettily as the child Geoffrey. Also, between two of the scenes in the bower there has been a return to the Becket *motif* in a camp-scene—always inevitable in a chronicle-play—wherein Henry and Louis of France meet, amid the agreeable clank of chain-mail, the blare of trumpets, and the waving of pennons. A reconciliation, of a sort, is patched up between Henry and Becket, while the quartet of baron-brutes still growls in unison. Frankly, this absurd quartet begins to gall on my nerves.

Again the hoarse bass of the quartet is heard in another scene—it is right, monotonous as it may be on paper, to catalogue all the scenes, for the kaleidoscopic pictures of this "chronicle-play" form one of its most characteristic elements—wherein Henry learns from Eleanor that Becket has carried Rosamund off to Godstow, and provokes a *fff*-howl from the quartet by the question: "Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest?" Then comes what is to my mind quite the finest thing in the play—Becket's calm preparation for death in Canterbury Monastery. Amid the blustering threats of the knights, the terror-stricken huddling of the monks, he sits immovable, with set, pale face and far-off gaze, a man doomed but not dismayed. The mingled dignity and tenderness of Mr. Irving in this scene are beyond praise. Perhaps the entry of Rosamund in monk's disguise is a mistake: it strikes a jarring note of comic opera; but even that is redeemed by the actor's pathetic delivery to the girl of the farewell line—

> "Pray for me too: much need of prayer have I."

The constant tinkling of the vesper-bell throughout gives one, I know not why, a distinct thrill. Personally I should not have minded if we could have had a little incense (as in the church scene of *Much Ado*); I feel, vaguely, that it might have intensified our present mood of emotional, half-mystical, exaltation. This penultimate scene moved me even more profoundly than the actual martyrdom in the cathedral, impressive as that is. The noble courage of the central figure amid the panic terror of the monks, the crashing-in of the door under the axes of the murderers, Becket's fall at the foot of the long flight of steps as Rosamund kneels in prayer, and the lightning flashes through the stained glass—a tremendous effect!

And now, if one were to turn from the impressions to the afterthoughts, all sorts of questions might suggest themselves for discussion: as—the moral aspect of Becket's patronage of the king's mistress, the improbability of Rosamund's ignorance of her true position, the jack-in-the-box introduction of Louis of France, and so forth. But such discussions are otiose. The great point is that the play, as presented at the Lyceum, is alive with colour, movement, and humanity. Moreover it shows Mr. Irving, as it seems to me, at his best. Becket (as the dramatist presents him) is not a complex character; he is simply a strong man, moving consciously, without turning aside a hair's breadth, to a predestined fate; and whatever Mr. Irving can or cannot do, he is unrivalled in giving one the impression of strength. He has cast off, for this part at any rate, all his restlessness, all his tricks of enunciation; one hears every word he says, and many of his words are quite beautifully said. Miss Terry makes Rosamund a playful, kittenish creature, a child of nature, a Mignon with a touch of a Miranda. Her almost saucy treatment of the venerable archbishop, as in

> "What, not good enough
> Even to play at nun?"

reminds me, oddly enough, perhaps, of the imperious little minx who appeared in a vision to M. Sylvestre Bonnard. The Eleanor of Miss Ward is a sufficiently forbidding personage; it is the dramatist's fault that she strikes one as too black and inhuman. Mr. Terriss's Henry is handsome, debonair, and a little too noisy. From the host of minor characters, one may select for praise the King Louis of Mr. Bond, Mr. Haviland's Hubert of Bosham, and Mr. Ian Robertson's John of Oxford, "called the Swearer"—who, for his fine elocution, should now be called the Speaker. I am unable to speak of Professor Villiers Stanford's music—the orchestra is always drowned by conversation on Lyceum first nights.

A. B. W.

LANGALULA.

LANGALULA was a great chief. The people he ruled were numerous and warlike; his assegais were ten thousand; his tribe had many cattle. So the Missionary at his kraal was glad indeed when he felt he had touched Langalula's heart; for it meant the conversion of a whole heathen nation.

When the king goes over, the people soon follow him.

Langalula said, "I am convinced; baptise me."

But the ways of white men are incomprehensible! Though the Missionary had been preaching that very thing for months, yet when Langalula gave in he answered, "Conviction alone is not enough. You must wait awhile till I feel that your life shows forth works meet for repentance." Langalula grumbled. He was little accustomed to such contradiction. But he knew it was hard arguing with these priestly white men, who will baptise a starving slave every bit as soon as a great chief; so he held his peace, and, though he chafed at it, waited the Missionary's pleasure.

By-and-bye, one day, the Missionary came to him. "Langalula," he said condescendingly, "I have watched you close for many weeks now, and I think I can baptise you."

"Then all my sins will be forgiven?" asked Langalula.

"All your sins will be forgiven," the Missionary answered.

"But I must put away my wives?" Langalula asked once more.

"All save one," answered the Missionary. It was a point of doctrine.

"Then I think," Langalula said, "I will wait for a week—so as to make up my mind which one of them is dearest to me."

But he said this deceitfully, knowing that all his sins were going to be forgiven, and determining in the interval to marry another wife, whom he would keep as his own when he put away the others. For there was a young girl coming on, black but comely, the daughter of Khamsua, a neighbouring chief, whom Langalula had seen, and whom he wished to purchase. And since the last love is always (for the moment) the greatest, the chief cared very little whether he must put away all his other wives or not, if only he could keep Malali. She had driven out the rest of them. He had watched the girl growing up at Khamsua's for years, and had said to himself always, "Whenever Malali is of marriageable age, see if I do not buy her and marry her."

In pursuance of this plan, as soon as the Missionary was gone, Langalula rose up, and took the fighting men of his tribe with him, that there might be no dispute, and marched into the country of Malali's father, whose name, as I said, was Khamsua. When Khamsua heard Langalula was on his way to his land with five thousand assegais, not to speak of Winchester rifles, he went out to meet him with a great retinue.

Khamsua cringed. Langalula said to him, "I am come to ask for Malali."

The moment Khamsua heard that he was unspeakably terrified, and flung himself down on his face and clasped Langalula's knees. For Khamsua was only a small chief in the country compared with Langalula.

"O my king," Khamsua said, "O lion of the people, I did not know so great a monarch as you had set his eyes on Malali; and before you asked, Montelo's people came, and offered oxen on Montelo's behalf for Malali. And I sold her to them, because I was afraid of Montelo, and could not have believed so great a chief as you had ever looked upon her."

Langalula smiled at that. "Oh, as for Montelo," he said, "I can easily take her from him; and then I can get the Missionary to marry us."

Khamsua, however, answered like a fool. "It cannot be. The Christians are so strait-laced. Montelo is a Christian now; he was baptised a week ago; and Malali was married to him in Christian fashion. Even if you were to kill Montelo and take her to your kraal, I don't believe the Missionary would marry you."

Langalula turned to his men. "Kill him," he said, simply. And they killed him with an assegai.

As soon as that was finished, Langalula marched on into Montelo's country. When he arrived there, Montelo crept out to meet him and tried to parley with him. But Langalula would not parley with the man who had deprived him of Malali. "We will fight for it," he said, angrily. And they fought for it then and there. And the upshot of it all was that Langalula's men conquered in the battle, and drove Montelo's men (who had no Winchesters) back to their king's kraal; and then they killed Montelo himself, and carried his head on an assegai.

By the very same evening they occupied the kraal that had once been Montelo's, and Langalula's men brought out Malali to their own leader. Langalula looked hard at her. She was a glossy-black girl, very smooth-skinned and lithe, and clean of limb. The great chief stared long at her. Malali hung her head and drooped her arms before him. "Why did you go with Montelo," he asked at last, "when Langalula would have taken you?"

The girl trembled with fear. 'Twas no fault of hers. How could she help it? A woman there is no free agent. "My father sold me," she answered, whimpering; "Montelo paid him a great many oxen. I had no choice but to go. O King, O mighty lion, I did not know you wanted me."

With that she flung herself at his feet in terror, and held his knees, imploring him.

"Take her to the hut that was once Montelo's," said the great chief, smiling; "I will follow her there."

They seized her arms and dragged her to the hut, crying and shrieking as she went. They dragged her roughly. Langalula remained behind, superintending the slaughter of Montelo's warriors. As soon as he was tired he returned to the hut that had once been Montelo's; for he wished to see Malali, whether she was really as beautiful as he believed, even though the Missionary would never marry him to her.

Malali, when she saw him, thought all was well, and that Langalula loved her. So she left off crying, and tried every art a woman knows to please and charm him. But Langalula was a very great king, and his anger was aroused. A king's anger is terrible. He smiled to himself to see with what simple tricks the woman thought she could appease a mighty warrior.

The next morning came, and he cried to himself with annoyance and vexation that Montelo and Khamsua—and the Missionary as well—should have done him, between them, out of so beautiful a woman. If the Missionary had been a black man Langalula would have compelled him to baptise him outright, and then to marry him properly to Malali, with book and ring, in the Christian fashion. But he knew by experience it's no use threatening these white men with tortures, for, threaten how you may, they will not obey you; and, besides, the Governor would send up troops from Cape Town; and 'tis ill fighting with the men of the Governor. So he arose in a white heat of passion. "Malali," he said, approaching her with an ugly smile, "I like you better than any woman I ever yet saw. You please me in everything. But you went off with Montelo, and the Missionary will not marry me to you now I have speared him. I have also speared your father, Khamsua, because he sold you for oxen to Montelo. I want a real queen, who shall be married to me white-fashion. I am becoming a Christian now, and can have only one wife. But it must not be you, because you were sold to Montelo, whom I have slain in the battle, and they will not marry us. So I will keep my own first wife, the earliest married, though she is old and lean, and discard the other ones. Come out of the hut, Malali, and stand in front of my warriors."

Malali was afraid at that, and would have skulked in the corner if she dared, but she dared not, because she was frightened of Langalula. So out she came as he bid her, trembling in all her limbs, and crouching with terror; her knees hardly bore her. Langalula turned to his men; he looked at her with regret. She was sleek and beautiful.

"Pin her through the body to the ground with an assegai," he said, pointing at her.

And they pinned her through with an assegai.

"Pin her arms and her legs," said the great chief.

And his followers pinned them. The woman fainted.

"Now leave her to die in the sun," said Langalula.

So they left her to die there.

After that Langalula marched back grimly with his men to his own country. As soon as he reached his kraal he went to see the Missionary. He was very submissive.

"I repent of all my sins," he said. "I have come to be baptised. Teacher, I will put away all my wives save one; and even for that one I will retain the earliest."

And that is how Langalula became a Christian.

GRANT ALLEN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. HEALY AND REGISTRATION REFORM.

SIR,—I notice in the *Daily News* and some other Liberal papers expressions of surprise at Mr. Healy's action in objecting to the Government Registration Bill because it did not, as first proposed to be introduced, include Ireland. Will you allow me to show the other side of the question? The present registration law in Ireland is practically the same as that in England. All recent Acts relating to registration have applied to both countries. There could be no difficulty therefore, as a matter of drafting, in including Ireland in the new Bill; and the reform is required at least as much for Ireland as for England. Owing to the furious hostility of the rate-collectors and other officials in the North of Ireland, the number of claims and objections on the Nationalist side has to be enormous. In West Belfast at one revision 6,000 claims and objections were contested, four revising barristers being engaged on the work of this one division for more than a month. Mr. T. W. Russell is member for South Tyrone solely on account of mistakes in registration. Why, then, did Mr. Fowler propose to introduce his Bill without including Ireland? If the vote of Ireland as well as England has to be taken once again before Home Rule is granted, the vote should be taken on the same basis in both countries. In these matters a little private consultation between Ministers and their supporters would often prevent a good deal of public friction.—Yours faithfully,

AN IRISH MEMBER.

February 7th, 1893.

[MR. HEALY'S attack upon Mr. Fowler seems to us to have been as unwise as it was unreasonable. It is for the Irish Government, and not the English Local Government Board, to decide as to the domestic legislation which is to be applied to Ireland. Scotland will have a separate registration Bill, and so must Ireland if the Irish Executive think that a Bill of this kind ought to be pushed forward this year.—ED. SPEAKER.]

RAILWAY RATES.

SIR,—Will you permit me, while expressing my agreement with almost every word in the first portion of the very able article on Railway Rates in last week's SPEAKER, yet to point out the reasons which lead me to think that your suggested remedy of a "cheap and expeditious tribunal" for settling reasonable rates is both impracticable and undesirable?

You say, and no doubt truly, that "opinion in trading circles is strongly in favour" of the establishment of such a tribunal. But I cannot think that this is by any means a conclusive argument in its favour. The traders are, no doubt, able to say what their grievance is; whether they are qualified to suggest the remedy is another matter. The trader is a patient, suffering, let us admit, from a severe illness. For all that, he will be wise not to undertake to treat himself, but to avail himself of the advice of trained physicians. And the physician needed in this case is the man who has studied historically and theoretically, as well as practically, the economics of railway transport. The traders have already made, to use your own words, "a lamentable and ludicrous fiasco." They have spent, and caused the railway companies to spend, at the lowest possible estimate, half a million sterling on an attempt—I quote from your article once more—"to accomplish the impossible." The net results of their efforts has been "conclusively to demonstrate that maximum rates, as a protection to traders against unreasonable charges, are a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;" that "maximum rates for goods must either be unfair and oppressive to the companies, or they must be useless to the traders." Was it worth while spending ten years of effort and half a million pounds just to demonstrate this? Could not anyone who knew the history of the question, both here and in America, have told them so to start with? Did not Professor Hadley, watching our quarrels from outside, warn them as long ago as 1886 what the result must be? "Every careful student of the question," he writes in "Railroad Transportation," "from Morrison in 1836 down to the Committees of 1872 and 1882, has come to the conclusion that fixed maxima are of next to no use in preventing extortion." One result of this "lamentable and ludicrous fiasco" ought surely in reason to be, that we should examine as carefully as may be the next proposals for railway legislation; that we should consider them in the light of abstract reasoning and previous experience, and not accept them with our eyes shut, simply because "opinion in trading circles is strongly in favour of" them. This is what I propose, with your permission, to do very briefly for the suggestion of "cheap and expeditious tribunals" with power to fix reasonable actual rates.

Can such a tribunal, I would ask, in the first place be expeditious? There are not less than a hundred million separate rates in force at present in the United Kingdom. If one rate in a thousand is appealed against—and the trader's case is, I take it, that a good deal more than one rate in every thousand is unreasonable at this moment—how many years will elapse before the last case in the original list comes on for hearing? And let no one tell me that the first few cases would decide thousands of others. Your own article points out most clearly that this is not so—"the cost of conveying goods varies according to circumstances; and the circumstances, even on the lines of the same company, exhibit an endless variety." Adequately to investigate the circumstances of a single trade would take weeks; the most cursory examination could hardly be hurried through in a single day. How many courts of investigation are to sit simultaneously? I might ask further—where are the judges or arbitrators to be found? A man for the post will need, first and foremost, a judicial temperament; then he must have a knowledge of law and of economics, a thorough practical acquaintance with railway working, and a good general knowledge of the circumstances and condition of every trade in the country. Are such men to be had by the dozen for the asking? Even if they exist, are they to be had cheap? We all admit the excellence of the work done by Lord Balfour and Sir Courtenay Boyle; but they were only called on to fix maximum rates—a task which is child's play by the side of the difficulty of fixing actual rates.

I shall be told, no doubt, that in France, for instance, Government officials fix actual rates for private railways. I might reply that in return they guarantee dividends of from seven to twelve per cent. to the different companies. But an answer more germane to the present point would be to say that, in order to do it, the French Government has been compelled to prohibit competition entirely. Once eliminate competition, and it is easy enough to fix rates in a symmetrical fashion on general principles; but with competitive lines each rate must be looked at *per se*. Are the traders prepared entirely to forego competition in this country? They have done a good deal to blunt its edge in the last few years. They have combined to regulate the railways, and the railways have combined to protect themselves, with the result that the companies stand together to-day as one body, with a solidarity hitherto unknown. Concessions of individual companies to individual traders or localities are things almost of the past; and in a confederation it is not to be expected that the most moderate or most reasonable member will always be permitted to stand forward as spokesman. In their own interest the traders would be wise to ponder this point seriously. Here is another. For every shilling cut by an expeditious tribunal off a rate, it is easy for the railway companies, if they are agreed to act in harmony with each other, to withdraw two shillingsworth of facilities; and the traders may make up their minds that this is what must inevitably happen if the railway companies are confronted with lower rates simultaneously with a rapid rise of working expenses. Assume that your tribunal can fix a reasonable rate, what is the use of it unless it can schedule to its judgment a minute specification of the quality of service to be given in return for that rate?

But let me leave this point and come to another. Can the proposed tribunal by any possibility be cheap? The present procedure under the conciliation clause is cheap, precisely because the Board of Trade only expresses opinions, and does not issue binding judgments. Turn this opinion into a judgment, and the tribunal is at once compelled to allow the defendant to defend himself by all the means in his power. Parliament might conceivably say that counsel should not be heard before such a tribunal, but I fail to see what else it could do to limit expense. The railways can bring down troops of expert witnesses. How can the tribunal refuse to hear them, when every student of railway economics knows that the reasonableness of each particular rate depends not merely on its own individual circumstances, but on a comparison with all the other rates and a consideration of the company's entire business? But for a farmer or a shopkeeper, with the assistance, possibly, of the local attorney, to undertake to fight trained railway experts with a lifetime's experience, and with every fact and figure at their fingers' ends, is only to court defeat.

There is much more that I should have liked to say, but I must not presume too far upon your kindness. I should have liked to ask how far your statement that there has been "an all-round and incredible increase of rates" squares with the public declaration of Mr. Mundella that "there is a vast volume of rates which are lower than the old rates," or with the detailed calculation of Mr. Parkes that "from Great Yarmouth to London, Manchester, and other places, the number of rates is 16,401; of these, 1,830 have been advanced, 14,571 have been reduced; the advances go as high as 2s. 6d. per ton, the reductions are as much as 10s. a ton and more." But I am content for my present purpose to assume the facts to be as you put them, and to admit that the action of the railway companies is entirely indefensible. Even so I would urge the traders to believe that it may be better to bear the ills they know than fly to others that they know not of. We have had enough already of heroic remedies adopted in a hurry to satisfy the demands of men with a grievance. This time, at least, let us look before we leap. Two years back I prophesied the present "lamentable and ludicrous fiasco" in words to which, now that the event has actually happened, there is no need for me to add a single letter. It may not be wise for a prophet whose predictions have once come off, to risk his reputation by a second essay. But for all that, I will venture to say that the fiasco

which has attended the fixation of statutory maxima is nothing by the side of that which awaits the legislator who shall provide for the establishment of a cheap and expeditious tribunal to enforce reasonable actual rates.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

W. M. Acworth.

LOVE UNCRITICAL.

When first I 'gan to know thee, dear,
Thy faults I did espy,
And "Sure this is a blemish here,
And that's a vice," said I.

But since that hour I did resign
My judgment to my fate,
Thou art no more than only mine,
To love and vindicate.

Henceforth thy champion am I vow'd,
And stultify my sense,
Not owning what I proved, yet proud
To die in its defence.

The kerchief that thou gav'st I'll wear
Upon mine eye-lids bound;
And every man I meet I'll dare
To find the faults I found. Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Pathos—"Irish Idylls."

A WEEK or two back I tried to show that English literature is, and always has been, essentially cheerful; and gave one or two reasons why it should be so. Excess of sensibility—the quivering nerve and ready tear—in a race so generally prosperous may be taken to indicate fatty degeneration; or, as Mr. Meredith puts it in the first chapter of "Sandra Belloni," "Sentimentalists are a perfectly natural growth of a fat soil. Wealthy communities must engender them. . . . My vulgar meaning might almost be twisted to convey that our sentimentalists are a variety owing their existence to a certain prolonged term of comfortable feeding. The pig, it will be retorted, passes likewise through this training. He does. But in him it is not combined with an indigestion of high German romances." Therefore, when you find a writer of honest Anglo-Saxon descent using the language of extreme pathos, suspect that man. The odds are he is over filled, not with honey-dew and the milk of Paradise, but with the mutton and claret of a cosy villa.

But luckily our language and literature are the composite work of mixed races, and the English householder who is particular about the genuineness of the prose and poetry he consumes need not abstain altogether from pathos. He may have it delivered, with salt water, at his own front door: but must certify himself that it comes from a distance—from across the Tweed, or from across St. George's Channel, or from those outlying barren districts of England where the Celt yet lingers. For the Celt has an inherited right to manufacture pathos, and an inherited aptitude. It is in his blood and in his history. Grief is no luxury to him as it was to the man who purchased a three-legged stool to be sad upon: he holds the title-deeds of the seat of the sorrowful. There is luxury in the lines, sung at a picnic—

> "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
> Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
> In looking on the happy Autumn fields
> And thinking of the days that are no more."

But it is the necessity of grief, not its luxury, that we feel as we read—

> "Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
> Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
> Never met—or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Or take Mr. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums," and first examine the simplicity of it. What is the tale about? A little cottage, not specially picturesque; an invalid mother; the commonplace death of her firstborn son, and the commonplace ruin of her secondborn. No character is extraordinary: of plot there is nothing at all: the catastrophe might befall any young man, whatever his nationality or station of life. But search about in English literature and where will you find a story of like quality of pathos written by an Anglo-Saxon? "Rab and his Friends?" A Scotsman wrote it. "The Vicar of Wakefield?" An Irishman wrote it; and, beautiful as "The Vicar" is, the artificiality of the close robs it of some little sincerity. The pontiffs are among us, having great wrath, and a critic carries his reputation in his two hands who ventures to exalt a living author's book above a canonised classic; but I make bold to say that, to find a story so simple, so racy, and so poignant as the "Window in Thrums," you must go back to your Bible and open it at the Book of Ruth.

Yet a little book has been lately published that shows much of the same quality. The other day a friend accused me of having missed to read the most notable book of 1892, and promised to send it. In a few days arrived a small green volume with the title "Irish Idylls: by Jane Barlow" (Hodder and Stoughton), and after reading it I am bound to confess that my friend was right. Understand that as a matter of private taste, I prefer your cheerful full-blooded English work—your *As You Like It* or "Tom Jones"; nay even your "Moll Flanders" or "John Gilpin"—to any amount of pathos. I dislike to find my eyes full of tears, or to be made (say) half so uncomfortable as this book has made me. The other day, in reading Björnson's "Heritage of the Kurts," I had to fling the book down and escape out of doors from the hideousness of its wife-beating scene; and I remember feeling physically sick after reading a certain page of "Badalia Herodsfoot." These are tributes to an author's power, but we dislike to pay them. And though Miss Barlow deals not in horror at all, but in pure pity, the anguish of it becomes too strong now and then. If any reader doubt me, let him try the little story that begins on p. 134 and is called "Herself." It is just the tale of an Irish mother whose children emigrated to America and left her; and of her waiting for their return. Nothing happens—as the critics say of American novels: but if you have ever read a more distressful tale, or one the distress of which was conveyed with more absolute art, I beg you will keep the name of that tale to yourself.

Emigration—you will find much of the pathos of Celtic literature explained by that word. The Scotch, Irish, Cornish, are all emigrating races; and that is why they can speak of home so movingly. They know how much they love their own soil, because so many of them have lost it: they know the dearness of the family hearth, having tasted the bitterness of separation from it or stayed at home to see the circle around it grow thin and narrow. When they speak to their kin, it is across a gulf of waters. So an Irishman, Mr. W. B. Yeats, writes, in dedicating a little book of Irish Fairy Tales—

> "All the words that I gather,
> And all the words that I write,
> Must spread out their wings untiring,
> And never rest in their flight,
> Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
> And sing to you in the night,
> Beyond where the waters are moving,
> Storm-darkened or starry bright."

And so a Scotsman feels, as few Englishmen feel, when the lines are sung—

> "But seas between us braid hae roar'd
> Sin auld lang syne."

You remember this passage in Mr. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" where old Mackellar sets

out with the Master on their dismal journey across the Atlantic?—

". . . upon our mounting the long brae from Durrisdeer, as we walked side by side in the wet, he [the Master] began first to whistle and then to sing the saddest of our country tunes, which sets folk weeping in a tavern, 'Wandering Willie.' The set of the words he used with it I have not heard elsewhere, and could never come by any copy; but some of them which were the most appropriate to our departure linger in my memory. One verse began—

'Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces;
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.'

And ended somewhat thus—

'Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the folks are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.'

I could never be a judge of the merit of these verses; they were so hallowed by the melancholy of the air, and were sung (or rather 'soothed') to me by a master-singer at a time so fitting. He looked in my face when he had done, and saw that my eyes watered."

A world of Celtic feeling is summed up in these lines. Englishmen go out into foreign lands to conquer, or to administer justice, or to make their fortunes: in a small proportion of cases do they leave to settle permanently abroad. But for the Celt most often it is a lasting separation. He knows what worked in

"the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn"—

for he knows all that was conveyed in Ruth's self-abnegating words, "Intreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Whatever be the exact date of the composition of the Book of Ruth, it could only be written by one of a race accustomed or predestinated to exile.

It is possible to extract humour, however, even from so dismal a subject as Emigration. In his book of "Memories," published the other day, Dean Hole prints the following short drama:

"The Emigrant's Return."
In One Act.

Scene.—A cottage in Ireland. Enter *Emigrant*, who surveys the dwelling with emotion, and knocks at door. Door opens. Enter *Inmate.*

Emigrant: Is my father alive?

Inmate: He is not.

Emigrant: Is my mother living?

Inmate: She is not.

Emigrant: Is there any whisky in this house?

Inmate: There is not.

Emigrant (sighs heavily): This is indeed a woeful day!

Slow Music. Curtain. [*Dies.*

To return for a moment to Miss Barlow. Having said that she has pathos I needn't add that she has humour. Also she has a style: and whatever she may do with your feelings, her own are admirably restrained. On many grounds "Irish Idylls" is a notable book. As the performance of a new writer it is nothing less than wonderful. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

Christian Ethics. By Newman Smyth, D.D. Vol. II. of The International Theological Library. Edited by Professor Salmond, D.D., and Professor Briggs, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

It is a curious and not insignificant fact that the distinctively English mind has hitherto not produced much that can be called constructive in the sphere of practical religious thought. We have hardly any dogmatics, in the sense of a Martineau or a Dorner, or any system of Christian ethics, such as theologians like Schleiermacher and Rothe have built up. The causes of this defect are probably manifold, and closely bound up with the eminent practical genius with which, in our amiable insular vanity, we love to credit ourselves. It may, however, be safely affirmed that the imperfect interpenetration of faith and philosophy—even where the latter exists—in the typical English mind lies at the root of the matter. To this, the policy which so long made our universities the homes of reaction, may have contributed; for subscription long sat like a cormorant fast by the tree of knowledge, and neither did any fresh thinking, nor, so far as it was able, did it allow any fresh thinking to be done. Indeed, ethics are most congenial to the Anglican mind when presented as historical appreciations of stages or phases in civilisation as affected by the Church. The most notable work of this kind are certain sermons and addresses by the late Dean Church. There are, of course, many remarkable contributions to ethics proper, notably Cudworth's and Butler's, but Christian ethics stand to ethical, as dogmatics to metaphysical philosophy. Dogmatics is the universe construed from the Christian standpoint, as philosophy is the universe construed from the standpoint of thought. Philosophical ethics is conduct, and its basis of laws, studied in the light of Nature; Christian ethics is conduct, and the laws of conduct, studied in the light of revelation. It is characteristic that the older Puritan literature was rich in this department. The first book of Christian ethics was by one who has a better claim than Cartwright to be considered the Father of Puritanism—Perkins of Cambridge. The second was by his distinguished disciple and friend, William Ames, the Latin Amesius. Of course, Jeremy Taylor later gave us an elaborate treatise on casuistry; but casuistry is not ethics, it is an attempt to regulate life, not by a law which acts from within, but by rules and regulations imposed from without. There is the same distinction between casuistry and ethics that there is between diplomacy and politics. But though, from Taylor onward, English thought was exceedingly active in the department of ethical philosophy, it was practically barren in the region of Christian ethics. In recent times, the first English book on this special subject was by a Nonconformist—Dr. Wardlaw. Later, Maurice, during his tenure of his Cambridge professorship, attempted to revive the subject, and his teaching was, in the best sense, always full of ethical principles and the Christian spirit.

In remarkable contrast to our English neglect has been the activity in Germany, where, especially under the quickening influence of Schleiermacher, Christian ethics became a really living branch of theological science. It is indeed a sign of grace that one of the writers of "Lux Mundi" made a tardy attempt to wipe away the reproach from his Church, and though his work cannot be compared with what has been done elsewhere, yet it deserves none the less a cordial welcome as a promise of better things.

In the book before us we have at last, fitly enough from a representative of the most historical of all the Puritan Churches, a book worthy of its subject. The question it raises at the very outset is, of course, Is there any such thing as Christian, as distinct from philosophical or general ethics? If so, why not Christian biology or Christian art? It is just worth while noting that were biology to cease to concern itself simply with the phenomena of life, and proceed to speculate as to its ultimate cause or significance, it would have to reckon with the rational consciousness, and would *ipso facto* cease to be biology and become philosophy. And from the moment it began to deal with consciousness, and especially "the conscience," its relations with Christianity would be most direct; for it is touched by whatever touches either conscience or consciousness. And for this reason there must be

such a thing as Christian art, *i.e.*, a type of art determined in its choice of subjects and spirit of execution by the ethico-religious principles of Christianity, whether as ideal or as historical. But inasmuch as large areas of the æsthetic sphere correspond to Nature as simply non-moral (apart from any human reference or suggestion), the spheres of Christian art and art *per se*, are not strictly co-extensive. But it is otherwise with ethics. There is no part of the ethical domain where "the mind of Christ" has not a claim to be heard. "Christian ethics," therefore, is not like Christian art, a mere species of a larger genus; it claims to be, in a sense, the absolute or ideal form of the whole ethical type. That is to say, it yields principles of conduct deducible from the ultimate principles of an absolutely ethical human consciousness, that of the Son of Man, whose twofold Law of Love—to God as Father, and to men as His sons—is potentially the fulfilling of the whole law. As all "types of ethical theory" represent in the last resort the practical life of man seen through the consciousness of this or that man and those who agree with him, so the Christian type of ethical theory represents life seen through the consciousness of Christ. It is idle, therefore, to say amid the existing diversity of answers to the question, "What is man?"—with its implicates, "Whence and whither?"—that there is no meaning in calling a system of ethics "Christian." Either its bases or motives, which in every system are matter of immediate experience, and are therefore held by "faith," are, as given in Christ, absolute—in which case all ethics will one day in principle conform to it—or its bases are mistaken, in which case ethics will essentially outgrow it. Christian ethics, even so understood, are necessarily progressive as a science, *i.e.*, a co-ordinated body of principles, as applied to particular conditions of society. The fixed elements are objective, consist of Christ's own ethical spirit or motives, together with a few typical illustrations of their working; but progressive elements are subjective to man's apprehension and realisation of the ideal. As a science, therefore, Christian ethics lay no claim to exemption from the laws of progress and relativity, which regulates all ethical systems. Nor again need we deny that ethics can exist as an independent science. All that is here claimed is that, in so far as they cease to be purely Hedonistic, they inevitably tend to move along the lines which find their completion in Christian ethics, and there only. "Conscience," as Dr. Martineau remarks, "may act as human, before it is discovered to be divine."

Such in effect is the purport of the chapter in which Dr. Smyth introduces his subject. To Christian ethics, he says, belongs the right "to speak the last word amid contending theories of moral philosophy," unless it be held that "the regenerate mind is a degenerate mind, that the Son of Man is not man at his moral best." Yet he adds, "we must recognise alike in the interest of morality and religion a certain relative independence of each from the other;" though "loss of religious faith (as distinct from dogmas) among the people has never yet been a sign of increasing moral vitality." Dr. Smyth is equally firm in maintaining the relative independence of Christian ethics and theology proper; for "nothing can abide as true in theology which does not prove its genuineness under the ever renewed searching of the Christian moral sense," trained, by its wealth of materials for study "in the whole inheritance of the lives of the disciples," to discern the "morally Christlike."

His discussion of Conscience holds the scales evenly between Naturalism and Intuitionalism. Conscience has a history, in that its contents show variable elements, as the "scale of worths" rises from the relatively natural to the relatively transcendental ideals. But throughout conscience, once present, remains a constant principle; constituting indeed the very possibility of an ascending scale of human values, whose real meaning is only to be understood, teleologically, in the light of an ideal of Personality, in which the Good, the Beautiful, the True harmonise in the synthesis of Love. The general attitude is rather Lotze's and Martineau's than Green's: and its antithesis is the view of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is accused of falling, in his anxiety to escape "moral dualism," into the worse condition of "moral polytheism." For the "non-moral account of the rise of man's moral being" actually "loses the unifying idea of moral worth and breaks up human life into a series of incommensurable" pleasures, a view involving "an atomistic conception of human nature."

It would be hardly in place to give any detailed account of the actual system that follows. Suffice it to say that it falls into two parts, "The Christian Ideal," and "Christian Duties." The former treats of the revelation of the Ideal, its contents, its realisation, and the forms, methods, and spheres of that realisation. The latter contains chapters on the Christian conscience, and its duties towards (1) self, (2) others, (3) society, (4) God; while the whole ends with the most vital point of all, "the Christian moral motive power." Here the moral dynamic, which gives Christian ethics its best right to be recognised as the absolute ethics is set forth in connection with the "Personal Influence of Jesus" and the "Working of the Spirit of Christ." To have rested from the first, not upon a vague or abstract theory of the Wise Man, but upon a realised Ideal—the Christ of the Gospels, made the more significant and apprehensible through the experience of a Peter, a Paul, a John—this it is which, as conditioning the divine operation in men's hearts, has made the Gospel a unique power, that, just because it is more than "ethical"—as science knows ethics—involves an ethic that belongs, like the Christ, to the eternal order.

A JAPANESE COMEDY.

ADZUMA; OR, THE JAPANESE WIFE. A Play in Four Acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE novelty of the subject-matter and surroundings could scarcely fail to make Sir Edwin Arnold's play interesting, whatever its dramatic merit. This, we must confess, does not strike us as of a high order. One is ever conscious of the presence of a faithfully followed model—the earlier Shakespearian comedy—which asserts itself definitely, over and over again, in certain turns of phrase in the prose scenes; and in the rhymed tags at the end of some of the blank-verse speeches, together with the gradual working-up to a point which precedes them. The best of the metrical passages have a certain prettiness, not unpleasing where it is not obviously out of place; but even the most successful are nothing more than "Light of Asia" spoiled. Where powerful effects are sought they fall lamentably flat—as in Morito's speech on p. 101, "Sword! thou hast paid thy master's heavy debt," etc.—which, moreover, is vaguely reminiscent of the late Laureate's manner, without the higher excellences of his style. Altogether the play, as a play, would be a highly creditable exercise on the part of a conscientious beginner in the dramatic art, who wanted to study style and construction *secundum artem*—somewhat as Mr. R. L. Stevenson tells us he did in his early days. But we presume that, had Sir Edwin Arnold looked upon it in this light, he would scarcely have published it.

The story is a Japanese tradition, for which the authorities are not given—nor are we told to what period of history it belongs. Morito, a Japanese nobleman, has been refused the hand of his cousin, Adzuma, as it has been revealed to her parents that their destinies are hostile one to another. She eventually marries Wataru Watanabe, who loves her devotedly, and she him. Sakamune, the Iago of the piece, being himself a rejected lover of Adzuma's, and bearing a grudge against Morito for overcoming

him at a wrestling-match, determines to wreak his revenge on both. He pretends great friendship for Morito, and contrives that he shall see Adzuma, with whom he at once falls in love. He convinces Morito that Adzuma was given in marriage to Wataru against her will, and that he (Morito) was deeply wronged by his rejection at the hands of Adzuma's mother. By one stratagem after another, culminating in a skilful imitation of Adzuma's handwriting, he makes it appear that she is in love with Morito and hates her husband. Thus encouraged, Morito seeks Koromogawa (Adzuma's mother) and threatens to expose an episode in her past life, of which Sakamune has told him, unless she will consent to help him. Adzuma, seeing appearances are against her, and fearing to expose her mother's secret if she maintains her innocence, pretends to give way; but says that the only course open to them is to kill Wataru. Morito promises to do so, and Adzuma tells him where to find him, saying that he will know it is Wataru by his hair being wet, as she intends to wash it for him that night. Returning home, she detains Wataru in her own room, remaining with him till he falls asleep, and then goes and lies down in his bed, having first tied her hair back in the same fashion as his, and wetted it. Morito comes, and, feeling the wet hair in the dark, strikes off the head and carries it away, finding out too late whose it is. Adzuma's innocence is fully established by the letters she leaves behind for her husband and her mother. Wataru and Morito both retire to a Buddhist monastery, while Sakamune meets his death at the hands of Kameju, Morito's faithful follower.

The story thus baldly outlined has sufficient interest and pathos to make a good play, and the interest, in reading at least, never flags. Whether it would make a good acting drama is another matter, which must be judged on other grounds. If there is a fault in the construction, it seems to us, it is that Adzuma's death is scarcely "genügend motivirt," as the German critics would say. It is true that she explains, in a soliloquy, that she cannot tell her husband of her trouble, for then he will murder Morito in his wrath, while nothing can be done to remove the suspicion that rests on her; but the impression remains that the incident of Adzuma's substitution for her husband is a necessary part of the *donnée*, and must be worked up to and accounted for somehow. We do not feel that it is the inevitable outcome of what has gone before. Of course, this is one of the difficulties to be contended with, when a story is dramatised, and doubtless the author was unwilling to alter the essentially Japanese character of his groundwork by departing from his facts. The difficulty would have been less obvious, or more easily overcome, in a non-dramatic narrative, which allows scope for explanation and analysis of modes of thought differing from our own. The little lyrics scattered here and there through the play—renderings, we suppose, of Japanese poetry—are very charming. Here is one:—

"Moon of the autumn sky
Sentinel, silver and still,
Where are the dear ones that die?
Is it well, is it ill?" (p. 94.)

And again, *Haori Rakushite*. (p. 38.)

"She hid his cloak,
She plucked his sleeve,
'To-day you cannot go!
To-day, at least, you must not leave
The heart that loves you so!'
The window she undid,
And back the shutters slid;
And clinging cried, 'Sweet Lord, perceive
The whole white world is snow!'"—

This, too, is a characteristic and pretty conceit—almost more than a conceit:—"Komachi, ... who was so beautiful that people bought the mirrors into which she had looked, to get dreams from them!"

BEFORE THE DODO.

EXTINCT MONSTERS. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. London: Chapman & Hall.

EVERY schoolboy—every London schoolboy, at least—knows something of the antediluvian animals from his visits to the Crystal Palace. There he has seen and marvelled at the strange and huge beasts and birds—now, alas! for the most part proved to be incorrectly "restored"—with their, to him, uncouth, though strangely familiar, names—the Pterodactyl, the Iguanodon, the Ichthyosaurus, and the Megatherium. The schoolboy even—certainly those of riper years who are at all interested—cannot do better than read Mr. Hutchinson's interesting and entertaining volume. It is a history of the animals of prehistoric times told in unscientific language, so that he (the ordinary individual) who runs may read. As an unscientific reviewer ourselves, we are glad to have the accuracy of the book, and the substantial accuracy of the illustrations, which are admirable, confirmed by Dr. Henry Woodward in a short preface. We know no book that gives in a popular form so full and so up-to-date an account of the "monsters" that for the most part prowled the earth and swam the sea before man was.

Before man was. From the sporting point of view, what waste of good material: "big game" of phenomenal proportions existing when there were none to pursue. What splendid sport it would have been to track and to stalk the gigantic horned Dinosaur, to light on a "Brontosaurus excelsus" sixty feet long and weighing twenty tons; or to shoot flying Pterodactyls with their leather wings and toothed beaks! The big game of modern days disappears before civilisation; and Mr. Rhodes' Cape-Cairo telegraph will help further to hasten the extinction of the few remaining great beasts of Central Africa. The gigantic tortoise of the Aldabra Island in the Mauritian group is the nearest survival of the extinct animals of old, and that is disappearing. It is to be hoped that the Mauritian Government will take care that these interesting "insects" are carefully preserved.

But the ancient monsters had not to encounter civilisation. Physical and natural causes gradually destroyed them. Indeed, the very exaggeration of monstrosity seems in some cases to have been its own destruction; as in the case of the Dinosaur, of which, according to Professor Marsh, the head, by a process of evolution, gradually became so large and so heavy that the body could not carry it!

One of the most interesting chapters is that describing how it came about that the remains of extinct monsters were preserved. Well brought out, too, is the curious mixture of types that existed: the bird-like reptiles and the reptilian birds, the fish-like mammals and the mammalian fishes. Each monster was, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"; a fusion of types that did so much to puzzle the earlier palæontologists. And that which strikes the unscientific observer perhaps the most, is the marvellous accuracy with which the scientists "developed" the beasts from a few isolated bones, and before the full tale was complete. Mistakes, of course, were made; but that the early restorations were anything like as accurate as they unquestionably were, is a fact of which science may well be proud.

And, in this connection, we must add one more word of praise of the illustrations, which so very greatly increase the value of the book. As Dr. Henry Woodward points out in his preface, pictorial representations of these extinct monsters, especially when the restoration of the flesh and skin is also attempted, are ever liable to emendation—and this the accomplished artist, Mr. Smit, would be the first to acknowledge. But his pictures give us a most graphic idea generally of the form and size of these strange beasts and birds; and, we say again, we wish we'd had the shooting of some of them. The book is one to be thoroughly recommended.

FICTION.

KITTY'S FATHER. By Frank Barrett, Author of "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc. Three vols. London: Heinemann.

THE DREAM. By Émile Zola. Translated by Eliza E. Chase. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. A Tale of the Middle Ages. By Charles Reade. Four vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

A BORN PLAYER. By Mary West. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. BARRETT has the true gift of the story-teller, and though his novels are of unequal merit, he seldom fails to interest his readers. "Kitty's Father" belongs to the detective school of fiction, but there is plenty in it besides the crime, the perpetrator of which it is the object of everybody to discover. There are scenes connected with the life of a travelling theatrical company—for Kitty is a young and lovely actress—and there are also some very pretty pictures of provincial England. The uncle of Kitty's lover is murdered—murdered in a very mysterious way—and somehow or other suspicion in connection with the crime falls upon Kitty's father, a gentleman who, having years before "gone to the bad," has left his daughter to the care of the old uncle who tells the story. Now Kitty, who is as virtuous as she is lovely, cannot bear the thought that she should bring shame upon the man she loves by allowing him to marry the daughter of a suspected murderer; so the idyllic love story is rudely broken off, and every person in the narrative—except Kitty's uncle, the violinist—finds him or herself at cross-purposes with everybody else. In the midst of the imbroglio, we are introduced to certain persons who are not quite unknown to us: the old Admiral whose language, even in the drawing-room, has about it a quarter-deck character, the smug curate, who is eventually discovered to be the villain of the piece; the "leading lady," who is jealous of poor Kitty, and who, by throwing up her part in the play of which Kitty's lover is the author, unwittingly contributes to its success. We have met all these people before, and truth to tell are rather tired of them as well as of the conventional detective who is so very "knowing" and so amazingly dull. But Mr. Barrett weaves his plot neatly; and Kitty's father is not quite so commonplace as the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. Moreover the story takes quite an unexpected turn at the close, and some incidents the explanation of which seemed to pass the wit of man are disposed of quite satisfactorily. Upon the whole the reader might do worse than send to Mudie's for "Kitty's Father."

The plot of "The Dream" is already known to our readers. M. Zola has sought in this charming story to prove to the world that he too can write for the virgin, and that he can paint the better side of human nature in colours as tender and true as those employed by any of his contemporaries. Those who wish to know what the author of "Nana" can do in this way must read "Le Rêve," in the original if possible, or, if not, in this translation, which is fairly good, and conveys some idea of the spirit of M. Zola's peculiar style. It is a beautiful story, admirably told, and all through the touching narrative the reader finds himself steeped in the true local atmosphere of the old cathedral town in which the scene is laid.

Many a year has passed since the readers of *Once a Week* were first introduced to the great work of fiction that is now reproduced in worthy form by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Nobody who read "A Good Fight" in those days can have forgotten it. Nor can anyone who has subsequently read the romance in its complete form fail to welcome the present delightful edition. Mr. Besant pronounces it not only Charles Reade's greatest work, but "the greatest historical novel in the language." These be strong words, yet they can be justified better than most utterances of the critic. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is a real historical novel, in which the characters are not mere modern figures draped for the moment in old-world costume, but the true men and women of a former day, who are made by the hand of genius to live once more. The panorama of life in the Middle Ages which is painted for us here is wonderfully vivid and exact—the work of a scholar as well as of an artist; whilst all through the picture is palpitating with that sense of reality which only the great romance-writers can give to their work. We may have our own opinion as to "the greatest historical novel in the language," and it may not be the opinion of Mr. Besant; but at least we admit with cheerfulness that there are fewer greater novels of any kind in the English tongue than "The Cloister and the Hearth," and that the man who has written it deserves a place among our national Immortals. We trust that the appearance of this book is but the prelude to the publication of a complete edition, in the same pleasant and attractive form, of Charles Reade's admirable romances.

From the pulpit to the stage seems a daring leap; yet such is the feat recorded in the story of "A Born Player." Matthew Hare, a bright, handsome youth, destined by his dead father for the Nonconformist ministry, is being trained thereto by his guardian, Mr. Unwin—himself a saintly and devoted Independent minister. Misled by the lad's evident gift of oratory, the good old man fondly hopes that his brilliant pupil has "a call," and looks to see him soon become a very tower of strength in the Gospel cause. But Matt nurses secretly a smouldering passion for the actor's art; and that passion is presently fanned into a flame, for Edmund Kean, in his mighty impersonation of Lear, flashes upon the ardent boy's gaze. From that fatal night, Matt's real vocation for the stage is a foregone conclusion. Love for gentle Grace Unwin and remorse for his backsliding restrain him, it is true, for a time. In an evanescent fit of compunction he burns his beloved playbooks, becomes a candidate for the ministry, and even preaches his first sermon. But the ruling passion finally overleaps all barriers. Meeting Kean once more, the young preacher sacrifices all else to become an actor, and is so far justified in his startling *volte-face* that he quickly wins an eminent position upon the boards. Matt and Grace meet again, faithful in love, though divided in creed; but inexorable Death drops the curtain on the drama of their young lives. A most human story, excellently told. Beginning as an idyll, ending as a tragedy, it never oversteps the limits of art. The character-drawing is firm and true, the literary flavour agreeable. Humour and tenderness diversify the pages of this very pleasant book, which deserves attention as a faithful study of human nature.

ECLECTICISM INDEED!

THE PROBLEM OF REALITY. By E. Belfort Bax. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. BAX'S preface tells us that his book contains "suggestions for the reconstruction of the Philosophical Problem and for its solution, taking it up at the point at which it was left by the classical philosophical school of Germany." But Mr. Bax adds a good deal to the result of the "school," or rather of the three founders of many schools, from which he starts; and much of what he adds, we have hitherto thought, had passed out of philosophy never to return. In the first instance, we find him reproducing Fichte's absolute Ego. Reality is synthesis of relations in a consciousness, but the particular personal consciousness is only possible by relation to an absolute consciousness to which it is in reality the object. This surely is Fichte's absolute Ego first dividing itself into subject and object, and then recognising that distinction as between the finite Ego and *its* object. Besides this Mr. Bax adopts, as far as we can make out, the leading Hegelian notions, and so superimposes the Hegelian reconciliation of opposites on the Fichtean Absolute Ego. Then he suggests that ethical conceptions may possibly be explicable only by reference to a social consciousness corresponding to the social organism, and now in course of evolution. To this we can only reply—Is there a social sensorium developing; and will it be identical with the ruling class in a Socialised world? Finally, he astonishes us by maintaining that the reign of

law is not complete, but that the particularity of things is due to an irreducible alogical element—Chance. We have often wondered why nobody tried to rehabilitate Chance, but we are astounded at anyone thus attempting a syncretism of Aristotle and Fichte. Surely Mr. Bax must see that the irreducibleness of a particular event to a case of universal laws is only "ultimate" to a finite mind, that only indolence or want of time prevents us from carrying the analysis much farther than we habitually do, and that a universal consciousness would see the event in all its relations to everything else, and resolve all particulars into universals. Mr. Bax seems to us to be riding many horses at once, and they are a somewhat unruly team. Hegelianism and Dualism in particular will hardly go together. We cannot help remarking that he will be well advised not to make any further solitary incursions into the Greek language. "Φυσιος," "μεταφυσικος," Aristotle's "περιψυχεια" (the *De Anima*), and "νους ποιητικος" are none of them even modern Greek, and even the addition of accents would not make them so. Why have not the publishers had the book properly sub-edited?

A TEXT-BOOK OF LOGIC.

An Introduction to General Logic. By E. E. Constance Jones, Author of "Elements of Logic as a Science of Propositions." London: Longmans, Green & Co.

This short book is written with the double purpose of serving as a text-book for beginners and a sketch of the science. It possesses considerable interest in the last character, but it is not well adapted to help beginners. The examples of propositions are, indeed, chosen so happily and in such variety of form as to stimulate the attention in learners, who are often supplied with more or less conventional types of expression. But the elaboration of the more strictly formal part—such as in the chapters on Immediate Inference, and even that on Categorical Propositions, is far too great, and the apparatus of nomenclature is too overpowering for young readers; while other subjects, such as Induction and Classification, are treated with disproportionate brevity. The highly systematic and technical form of the book, which makes it unsuitable to a beginner, gives it a certain value from the point of view of science. Several special points are of interest, such as the space given to relative arguments, forms of argument not naturally expressed in syllogisms; or the new token of quantitative of the predicate as implied in the process of converting propositions, though not natural in itself. Miss Jones works out effectively the consequences of what she calls the twofold character of terms, their application and their signification—two new synonyms which she introduces for the old terms extension and intension; this gives her exposition consistency, if not simplicity. She declines to follow the example of some writers by distinguishing sharply between deductive or formal and inductive or material logic. Philosophically, indeed, the most interesting feature of the book is the view which she takes of the connection between the various laws of thought implied in deductive and inductive processes. The principle of ideality in divinity is regarded as the fountain-head of all judgment and reasoning, the divinity being one of the characteristics which are interdependent and uniformly interdependent (Section xix). There is, at least, much to be said for considering the principles of deduction and induction as not differing in the nature of the evidence, however much they differ in the completeness of the evidence on which they rest. A collection of exercises follows at the end of the book.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

There is truth in the assertion that during the past ten or twelve years there is hardly a subject in the scientific world which has received more attention than "Bacteriology"—the study of microbes. Dr. Griffiths, of Birmingham, states at the outset that he has prepared this manual in order to meet the requirements of those who are wishful to obtain some exact knowledge of the nature and doings for good or for evil of those minute forces which are termed microbes or bacteria. The mystic words, microbes and bacteria, have been "hurled at the popular head with so much emphasis and so little explanation" that Dr. Griffiths says that he would not be surprised to find many people cherishing the delusion that they are a species of "fiery serpents," which crawl about day and night seeking whom they may devour. It is some consolation for unlearned and ignorant men to find that microbes, harmless or deadly, belong to the vegetable rather than to the animal kingdom, for such knowledge unquestionably takes away the "element of repulsiveness" which gathers around the notion that these insidious foes of humanity are internal animal parasites. All the same, some of the most deadly diseases which afflict the race can be traced to these minute plants, and, therefore, since consumption, diphtheria, cholera, scarlatina, and other maladies have been proved to be due to the action of certain microbes on the blood and tissues, it is rightly urged in these pages that all medical men, sanitary engineers, chemists, physiologists, and the like, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the results of the latest scientific investigations in this direction. This book has accordingly been written for their learning and that of the stout-hearted householder anxious to walk circumspectly. There is a chapter on the "Methods of Cultivating Microbes," a cheerful occupation—with which, if possible, we do not intend to intermeddle. Banter apart, the book is admirable—clear, explicit, scientific in principle, and popular in style.

The Israelites had their flesh-pots even in Egypt, and life in many a house of bondage "In Ole Virginia" was not half as black as the anti-slavery orators were fond of painting it. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. G. W. Cable, no man has depicted with more insight, sympathy, or skill the plantation life of the South or the meek fidelity of the slaves than Mr. Thomas Nelson Page. He is himself a Virginian, and has lived amongst the coloured people all his days, and he is old enough to remember the tumult and carnage of the Civil War. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., contributes a brief sketch of Mr. Page to the present volume, and from it we borrow a few facts concerning a novelist who has recalled with singular vividness and conspicuous art a phase of life which, in spite of much injustice and oppression, was not without its bright and romantic aspects. "Marse Chan" holds the place of honour in this group of tales; it was first printed in an American magazine about eight years ago, and its graphic descriptions and simple human pathos won instant and wide recognition. Stern Abolitionist though he was, Henry Ward Beecher was melted to tears by it, a circumstance which was all the more remarkable since the sentiment which pervades this picture of slave-life is, as Mr. O'Connor says, "intensely, uncompromisingly, almost defiantly, Southern." There are other stories in the collection which show how thoroughly Mr. Page has caught the salient characteristics of the social life which he describes, and though most of them are written in the colloquial speech of the negroes who are supposed to tell them, readers on this side of the Atlantic will not find that fact a serious obstacle to their enjoyment of a tenderly beautiful and dramatic book.

Amongst minor works of reference "The School Calendar" holds a recognised place. It is now in its seventh year of issue, and with each appearance its scope seems to widen. Amongst the new features of the present volume are papers on Technical and Secondary Education and the County Councils. The book contains the usual detailed list of university, local, and other examinations for the current year, as well as particulars of Scholarships and Exhibitions in the public schools of Great Britain. Information is also given concerning open scholarships at Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and other university centres. The list of Technical School Scholarships is capable of improvement, and as it stands is incomplete, and in other directions the manual—admirable though it is—is not altogether satisfactory. A good many interesting facts will be found in these pages concerning the facilities which now exist for the higher education of women.

Apart from its scientific interest, which, by the way, is considerable, "Astronomy for Everyday Readers" ought to attract attention because of its author, a young mechanic, whose career deserves to be described as a fine example of self-help. Mr. B. J. Hopkins was born in London in October, 1862, and after receiving a very indifferent education became pot-boy in a small public-house kept by his father in Hornsey. At the age of twelve he developed a taste for science, and in the course of the next year or two gained the certificates of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington in natural philosophy, drawing, and geometry. At fourteen he became the proud possessor of a small pocket telescope, and whatever pence he could accumulate went to the purchase of books on astronomy. He was apprenticed to a brass-engraver, and had to work for twelve hours a day, but this did not damp his enthusiasm for astronomy, and whilst he was still in his teens he became a contributor to several scientific journals. When still a lad of fifteen, young Hopkins was fortunate enough to win the notice of no less eminent a man than Sir George Stokes, who in turn interested the Earl of Crawford—then Lord Lindsay—on his behalf. Lord Crawford invited the young student to visit his splendid observatory at Dunecht, near Aberdeen, where he was drilled into the methods of making observations, and obtained at the same time a practical insight into the construction and working of astronomical instruments. Since then Mr. Hopkins has contributed several papers to the Royal Astronomical Society,

* A Manual of Bacteriology. By A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., F.C.S. (Heinemann's "Scientific Handbooks.") London: William Heinemann. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

In Ole Virginia; or, Marse Chan, and other Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. New Edition, with an Introductory Sketch by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. London: Ward, Lock & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

The School Calendar and Handbook of Examinations, Scholarships, and Exhibitions, 1893. With a Preface by F. Storr, B.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 12mo. (1s.)

Astronomy for Everyday Readers. By B. J. Hopkins, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo.

Seventy Years in the Victorian Era: Embracing a Travelling Record in Australia, New Zealand, and America. By a Physician. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo.

Popular Lessons on Cookery. By Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter. Eleventh thousand. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

Impressions of Dante and of the New World. With a Few Words on Bimetallism. By J. W. Cross. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

and we understand that he has now the best collection of astronomical books possessed by any working man in England. This little book is intended for men of his own class who desire to master at all events the rudiments of a sublime and fascinating science. It explains the phenomena associated with the earth's rotation, the phases of the moon, the tides, and the seasons, solar and lunar eclipses, and meteors, shooting stars, and comets. The book is written with knowledge, simplicity, and care, and the diagrams scattered through its unpretending pages serve to render the explanations of the text still more clear.

The Victorian Era on some men's lips is an elastic term, and even "A Physician" is guilty of making it synonymous with "Seventy Years of Life." Possibly he was thinking when he wrote the title of his book of the length of Her Majesty's days, rather than the years of her reign, but, however that may be, the somewhat handicapped volume is pleasant reading. It is a modest and genial record of its author's experiences in various parts of Europe, America, Australia, and New Zealand, and it occasionally throws side-lights on public affairs. As a member of the Army Medical Staff, the writer saw active service in the Crimea, and, like everyone else who is entitled to speak from personal knowledge, he is emphatic in praise of the womanly skill, sympathy, and devotion shown by Miss Florence Nightingale at that great crisis. Since then he has roughed it up and down the globe, and seen many men and many cities, and in these graphic pages he recounts in a frank and hearty fashion the diversified experiences of a long professional career. Every now and then the reader comes across a passage which is full of manly indignation over the unredressed wrongs of the poor, whilst the deep but delicate sympathy which pervades the book, without being paraded in it, leads us to hail the anonymous scribe as one who is worthy to rank as a good physician.

The Education Department has for years encouraged "Lessons on Cookery" in schools, and much has been accomplished, by special grants in this direction, to train girls in what has sometimes been called this "cardinal domestic virtue." Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter lays stress on the fact that there still, however, remains unreached a vast multitude of girls or women into whose hands at some time or other the commissariat department of the home is bound to fall. Many of them appear to be content to take up the practical duties of life without any preparation at all. Indeed, their only qualification might almost be said to consist in their ability to distinguish beef from mutton and flesh from fowl. There is truth in the assertion that bad cookery leads many a man to drink, and after old age and sickness, Mr. Charles Booth has shown conclusively that drunkenness stands next among the causes of poverty. This cheap manual consists of progressive lessons in plain and better-class cookery, and the directions given are clear and sensible, and are, moreover, quite evidently the outcome of wide knowledge. We heartily commend the book, and can do so with the more confidence as we have tested its information at various crucial points.

Mr. J. W. Cross's title-page leaves a curiously-incongruous impression. This book consists of reprinted magazine articles, of which perhaps the most interesting are "Dante for the General," and "Social New York." The latter exhibits a sympathetic spirit towards Americans, and a cordial acknowledgment of their good qualities, which are refreshing and a little surprising in a contributor to *Blackwood*—though, indeed, it was not in the pages of *Maga*, but of *Macmillan*, that this particular essay saw the light.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Study in Municipal Government. By J. Pollard, C.A. Reprinted from the *Scotsman*. (Blackwood.)

The Devil's Diamond. A Novel. By R. Marsh. (Henry & Co.)

Art and Handicraft. By John D. Sedding. (Kegan Paul.)

Essays on Vegetarianism. By Arnold Frank Hills. (The *Vegetarian* Publishing Office.)

Seventy Years of Life in the Victorian Era. By a Physician. (Unwin.)

St. George and the Dragon. By S. A. Matson. Second edition. (Unwin.)

Do the Dead Return? By a Clergyman of the Church of England. (Unwin.)

Chambers's Encyclopædia. Vol. X. (Chambers.)

The Emancipation of Women. By Adele Crepaz. Translated by Ellis Wright. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

The County Families of the United Kingdom. By Edward Walford, M.A. Thirty-third annual publication, 1893. (Chatto and Windus.)

A Treatise on Public Health. By Albert Palmberg. Translated by Arthur Newsholme, M.D. Lond., D.P.H. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

The Poetical Works of William Basse—1602, 1653. Edited by R. Warwick Bond, M.A. (Ellis & Elvey.)

Historic Towns. York. By James Raine, M.A., D.C.L. (Longmans.)

Church and State. By A. Taylor Innes. Second edition. (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.)

Potato Culture. Report, 1892. (Cassell.)

A Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. By Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D. (Kegan Paul.)

Northumberland Words. A Glossary of Words used in the County of Northumberland and on the Tyneside. By Rd. Oliver Heslop. Vol. I. (Kegan Paul.)

The Superhuman Origin of the Bible. By Henry Rogers. With a Memoir by R. W. Dale, LL.D. Eighth edition. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Things New and Old. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. Standards I., II. Cassell's Modern School Series. (Cassell.)

Children of the King. A Novel. By F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. (Macmillan.)

American Notes, and Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens. A reprint of the first editions, with the illustrations. (Macmillan.)

The Heart's Awakening. A Novel. By Marie Connor. Three vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Essex: Highways, Byways, and Waterways. By C. R. B. Barrett. Second series. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

Led from Darkness. The History of a Life Struggle. By H. E. Stone. (E. Marlborough.)

Four Months in Persia. By C. E. Biddulph, M.A., F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S. (Kegan Paul.)

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